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The Improvement Vol. 35, No. 3 JANUARY, 1932

Vol. 35, No. 3

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

WASHINGTON — A Monument To A Man" is the leading article in the February issue of The Improvement Era. It is copiously and beautifully illustrated with striking photographs. In addition to the article there will be several other short bits and poems dealing with "The Father Of His Country" in commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of his birth. Fortunately, Sen-ator Reed Smoot, dean of the senate, is the member of the Ouorum of the Twelve Apostles who will be presented in this national issue by President Bryant S. Hinckley.

FRANK C. ROBERTSON, Utah's most prolific writer of fiction, contributed a story—"The Back Tracker" -which will present a few western characters - two sheep-herders, a sheep dog, a number of covotes, a wolf, and some sheep in an interesting light. The story revealing a dog's full measure of loyalty will begin in February and conclude in March. There will be other stories also.

WINTER FUN is the title we have given to the cover picture. We are glad to present an M. I. A. outdoor team to indicate that winter may also have its fun.

For Every Member of the Family

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Harrison R. Merrill Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

What are Their Fruits?

THE manager of the lodge at the Grand Canyon said to me: "The finest young boys and girls I have ever been associated with in my life, Mr. Grant, are these young Mormons. I haven't a smoker working for me. They are the cleanest lot in the country."

"By their fruits ye shall know them. And what are the fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? A higher birthrate than any other section of the country; a lower death rate, a lower insanity rate, a lower divorce rate, a lower criminal rate. NOTE: Since President Heber J. Grant, editor of the "Improvement Era," is extremely busy and has little time to devote to the preparation of special editorials for these pages, we are expecting to select paragraphs from sermons which he delivers, from time to time, to run over his signature, with his approral. The accompanying signature, by the way, is a cut made from his oven handwriting. He made the original in Japan in 1901, and had it engraved by a Chinese engraver.

Bad people do not live long; there is no question about it. Nothing shortens life more than wickedness. We have had a lower death rate in this church ever since I was eighteen years of age until now than the average of the great life insurance companies. I have been in the insurance business ever since that time, and I know what I am talking about."

Seber J. Grant

Whither Goest?

"O to disengage myself from those corpses of me, which I turn and look at where I cast them, To pass on, (O living! always living!) and leave the corpses behind."—Whitman.

A T the beginning of a new year a great deal is said about resolutions—repentance—about resetting the course—just as if the numbering of the months were not an arbitrary thing—as if the first of December were not as propitious a date upon which to begin to change a habit as the first of January.

That repentance, made operative by faith, of course, is the underlying principle of growth and progress, nearly all, if not all, will probably admit.

Growth is a process of disengaging "from those corpses"—of living always, always dying—of laying on rings, so to speak, as the spruce or the pine does. It is a relinquishing and a venturing. A soul progressing, each day is a new soul—December or January—April or August.

The laws which apply to individuals, in a way, apply to nations. They grow or retrogress with the people who compose them. As the individuals lay on or should I say grow on, new rings, their organizations do likewise.

Jesus, of course, knew better than any one else the laws and the powers of repentance—of growth. He was a revolutionist, but one with infinite patience. He drew no sword in an attempt at any sudden overthrow, nor, so far as I know, did he criticize any governments; yet during the centuries which have passed since his day, the ideas he advanced have overthrown principalities and powers.

He began and ended his work with the individual. He knew that eventually a world full of changed persons would change their governments as well as their other organizations. He proclaimed the importance of all individuals, not merely some individuals. He gave to all men faith in themselves—their own divine rights—and a goal—to be like God—towards which to work. He changed them and knew that they would change their governments.

The leaven was slow to work, but it was sure. The application of the principle of the importance of the individual was made to nations only after nearly two thousand years with the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine, and more universally, at the close of the world war when Woodrow Wilson and others declared for national safety thereby proclaiming the importance of individual nations regardless of their size or wealth.

Repentance is not always a sudden change of ways, as was made plain by the Baptist, but manifests itself in a steady and continued growth towards God. It is not merely the turning from the bad; it is the mounting from good to good. Repentance, actuated by faith, is a moving thing forever pushing upwards toward the light. It is the walking in the newness of life.

On NewYear's Day, as on every day, one should look back to see if the camp-fires of yesterday are actually behind him, or if he is merely milling around in the ashes of a dying blaze.

Comrade, not only today, but every day, the Master of Life asks you the question: "Whither Goest?"

President Charles Wilson Nibley

THE trail which began at Hunterfield, near Edinburgh, Scotland, nearly eighty-one years ago ended in Salt Lake City, December 11, at 12:51 p. m. when President Charles Wilson Nibley, whose trail it was, passed beyond the horizon leaving his earthly achievements behind him. There can be no doubt

that the indomitable Scotch spirit is still toiling upward towards new conquests.

At one end of the trail there was a small miner's cottage; at the other, beautiful homes, fine office buildings, a large park where thousands play, such as the Scotch boy had never dreamed of, a great hotel, railroads. factories, hosts of relatives and friends.

More than eightyone years ago, a tiny Scotch laddie came to the home of James and Jean Wilson Nibley. They nursed him and cared for him until his tiny feet could be set firmly upon the upward trail. Then hand in hand they began a journey across the ocean, and on across the continent. They were poor, but they had their faces turned toward the light —the Gospel light which had come to the parents in 1844, about five years prior to the birth of their

The trail then turned aside into Cache Valley. Later it beckoned the young man to Oregon and then, at the call of President Joseph F. Smith back to Salt Lake City.

When he was twenty he took the hand of Rebecca Neibaur in marriage and together they continued on the trail, and ever upward—onward. Later he married another good woman, Miss Ellen Ricks, and still later another, Miss Julie Budge. Children came to him, and soon he was followed by a group of youngsters upon whom he showered his affections.

He becaame interested in stores, railroads, lumber companies, and sugar factories. Thousands benefited by his wisdom and sagacity and earned their live-

lihood from enterprizes which he had organized or assisted in organizing. But always he kept his face toward the light with an unswerving Scotch fidelity. He was never too busy or too engrossed to heed the call of his Church.

He filled various positions ranging from those con-

nected with his early offices in the Priesthood, running through superintendencies and missions to that of Presiding Bishop of the Church and Second Counselor to the President of the Church.

The little boy who had left the miner's cabin in Scotland-following the gleam half around the world-now has scores of relatives, a host of friends, and nearly three quarters of a million of Latter-day Saints following him.

His trail had no down curves; they were always up towards the light. He has passed the horizon out of view for the moment, but behind him are thousands, faces aglow, turned toward the summits he reached and they know he is on before-beckoning.

A rather complete story of his struggles and achievements appeared only last month in the Improvement Era. At



President Charles W. Nibley

the time that story was written, he was vigorous for his age, animated, interested. The story came out in time to receive his approval. The powerful pen-of President Bryant S. Hinckley had delineated a his age, animated, interested. powerful personality just in time. The article was illustrated with photographs of the boy and the man: of the father and mother; of the little home in Scotland; but not with photographs which could have been taken of some of the great enterprizes which were children of his brain and brawn.

President Nibley has passed on, but his great achievements, his loyalty, his devotion still live in

the hearts of those who knew him.

Church Leader Receives Burial in Cache Valley After Impressive Rites in Salt Lake Tabernacle

THE snow-mantled Cache valley, the slope he roamed as a boy, holds all that is mortal of

Charles Wilson Nibley.

Thousands upon thousands Sunday saluted the deeds and manliness of Mr. Nibley, the second counselor in the First Presidency of the L. D. S. Church.

Thousands paid their tribute in the Salt Lake tabernacle, while President Heber J. Grant presided

over the services for his close associate.

Others bowed their heads as the ether waves carried the eulogies to every portion of the intermountain country, while many hundreds gathered at the grave, already marked by the great granite monument in Logan City cemetery.

CARVED ONLY WITH NAME

The stone, carved only with the name, Charles W. Nibley, overlooks the valley to the north. Mountains, heavily laden with the snows of the past week, stand to the east, while to the west lies the town of Logan, a living monument to the many noble deeds of the man, who died in Salt Lake Friday of pneu-

The stirring tributes to Mr. Nibley were spoken by President Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, first counselor in the first presidency, and Arthur Winter, chief clerk in the office of the first presidency and secretary-treasurer of the church board of education.

The silent tributes were the masses of blooms that covered the space fronting the white-draped stand of the tabernacle. Great chrysanthemums and roses predominated in the magnifient floral tokens.

PRESIDENT READS TELEGRAMS

President Grant read fourteen telegrams of sympathy received by the church and the family of President Nibley.

Among them were:

T. M. Schumacher, chairman of the executive committee, Western Pacific railroad: "With profound regret I read in morning press of death of my dear old friend, Bishop Nibley. A great loss to the church, the community and the Western Pacific railroad. My sincere sympathy to his family and to you. Mr. James joins me in this message."
Louis S. Cates, president,

Phelps Dodge corporation: "Have just learned of the untimely passing of your father. My family hasten to extend our heartfelt sympathy in your

J. P. O'Brien, general manager Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company: "Mrs. O'Brien joins in extend-

sorrow.'

ing to you our sincere sympathy in the passing of your father. With forty years' acquaintance I have considered him one of my best friends.'

FIRST GOVERNOR TELLS SORROW

Heber M. Wells, first governor of Utah: pressibly shocked to read of death of President Nibley, whose physical fitness I had come to believe defied his advancing years. Accept my earnest condolences on loss of so great and good and loyal a counselor, in which my family joins.

F. W. Robinson, vice president in charge of traffic. Union Pacific system: "Greatly grieved to learn of passing of Counselor Nibley. My deepest sympathies to you and his associates in this your hour of sorrow."

Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president, L. D. S. European mission: "We are grateful for President Nibley's exemplary life of sincere devotion and intelligent service in the cause of truth. He was humble and loyal, wise and courageous. A lovable man and trusted leader. Greatness marked him. Please convey to the family our deepest sympathy."

CIVIC LEADER EXPRESSES SYMPATHY

Herbert S. Auerbach (now in Washington, D. C.): My deepest sympathy to you in your great bereavement."

D. C. Green, former vice president and general manager of Utah Power & Light Company: "Deepest regret on hearing of the death of Bishop Nibley. A great loss to a personal friend, but a greater loss to the state of Utah and the Mormon Church.

Senator Reed Smoot: "Convey my sympathy to President Nibley's family. In his death the Church has lost a forceful defender; the family, a remarkable father; the state, a loyal citizen, and you and I, a staunch friend."-Excerpts from Salt Lake Tribune.

Next Month

DON'T overlook the fact that for the first time Frank C. Robertson, well known western writer,

will appear in the Improvement

"The Back Tracker," a gripping story of a dog-just a mongrel sheep dog of the kind that follows many a western band of sheep-will take you on to a western range and will give you a glimpse of range tragedy-range heroism and loyalty.

This is a story to set beside "Bob Son of Battle" and other tales of heroic sheep dogs.

This story will be illustrated by Paul S. Clowes, a man who can do with the brush what Robertson has done with his typewriter. Robertson and Clowes will team together for the first time. They are a great team of Westerns.

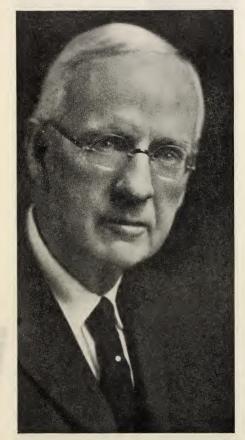
Notice to Contributors

CONTRIBUTORS to the Improve-ment Era are requested to refrain from submitting any material to the Era which has already been published, unless such material is accompanied by a clear statement of the place and date of publication. In the past, the Era has been placed in the somewhat embarrassing position of accepting and printing articles and stories which have been published previously. As a general rule, the Improvement Era does not reprint, except in cases where something of exceptional merit and interest justifies it, and only then with specific permission to republish. The magazine reserves the right to decide whether or not previously printed material shall be used, and for that reason all material which has ever been published, even though it may have been changed or revised by the author, must have with it the clear statement of facts regarding its publication.

Greatness in Men

President

Rudger Clawson



Picture of Rudger Clawson, Taken April, 1930

Bv

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

In this article one of the most touching tragedies of the missionary endeavors of the Church is told graphically by President Hinckley, who, at the same time, pays high tribute to a man of courage—President Rudger Clawson.

"The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness and manliness is the perfection of human character." (Thomas Huxley)

PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON is a mild-mannered man, but a man with the courage of a martyr and he has proved it. To face with folded arms an infuriated and murderous mob with their guns leveled and waiting for the signal to fire, to say to them when you are ready "shoot" requires colossal courage. Quietly to endure indignities and suffer unspeakable outrages for conscience sake, such as he has done, demands strength and fortitude of no common calibre.

Rudger Clawson has never seen a day since he reached manhood that he would not, if need be, die for the truth. No man in this generation has faced more dangerous or more difficult situations with finer fortitude. Never has he wavered in his allegiance to the truth; never has he deviated a hair's breadth from the moral perpendicular.

HIS story is an interesting one. He grew to manhood in Salt Lake City and the first twenty years of his life were not marked by any extraordinary circumstances. He is the son of Hyrum B. and Margaret Gay Judd Clawson. His father was a successful, public-spirited man of recognized standing and ability, and his son was given the advantages of education offered in those days. He had the rare good fortune to be under

the tutelage of such men as Dr. John R. Park and Dr. Karl G. Maeser, two educators whose names will shine forever in the annals of this commonwealth and whose influence will never die.

He was prominent and active in the various organizations of the Church. He spent two years in New York City as secretary to John W. Young. In his twentysecond year he was called on a mission to the Southern States and the next ten years of his life record

some events of the most tragic and remarakable character, and from all of these bitter experiences he emerged a kind. tolerant, patient, courageous man.

HE has always been a diligent, painstaking, methodical work-Early in his life he became a thoroughly trained and skillful accountant with a clear and happy understanding of the essentials of record making. To scan his private history, which he keeps with little effort, is indeed interesting. It has in it just enough of detail and personal-

ity, with frequent glints of humor, to make it really human. Referring briefly to some facts: his records show that during the past thirty-two years, or since he became a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles (October 10, 1898) be has delivered 4.981 addresses. His records show where these addresses were delivered

and the subject considered in each. He has attended 7,966 meetings and traveled more than five hundred thousand miles to attend these meetings. Prior to being ordained an Apostle, Elder Clawson presided as president of the Box Elder

stake of Zion for eleven years. He was sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church at a general conference held in April, 1901.

After presiding over the Euro-

pean Mission (1 9 1 0 to 1 9 1 3) he was able to make the most complete report ever filed in



Right: Lydia Spencer Clawson.

Above: The three sons of President and Mrs. Clawson: Hiram B., Samuel and Lo-

Upper Right: Margaret Jay Clawson Bond at the age of

Lower: Lydia Clawson Hoopes, at the age of 18.



careful student. As a consequence he has a deep understanding of the fundamentals of the gospel and a dependable and accurate knowledge of the rituals and functions of the Church.

the office of the

Church Historian.

All his records are

brief, accurate,

carefully and beau-

tifully written. He

has a clear, orderly

intellect. All his

life he has been a

He is never intolerant or radical in his utterances, never harsh in his discipline: still he is firm and immovable in his convictions with a loyalty to his Church and to his brethren that is constant, unquestioned and admirable; a faith that is quiet, profound and unwavering.

THE quality of Rudger Clawson's courage and the strength of his gentle heart were revealed when he was just a young man twenty-two years old. This is clearly revealed in the tragic narrative related in this sketch. the crucial hour comes in any man's life there is no defense comparable to the defense which comes from the righteousness of his cause, no matter what the handicap is or

what the circumstances may be. "Thrice armed is he whose cause is laid in justice.' The most precious heritage the world possesses is the heroism displayed by valiant-hearted men whose only defense in great crises has been this very thing. Witness, if you will, Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms declaring, at the risk of his very life, "I cannot or will not recant. * * * Here I take my stand! I cannot do otherwise. so help me God, Amen. John Huss, the Bohemi-

an reformer, burned at the stake exclaiming, as the hungry flames climbed about his defenseless form and he saw an old man coming with additional fagots for the fire, "O Holy Innocence!" Nathan Hale, standing upon the fatal ladder in the grey hours of that September morning, taunted for a dying speech by a British officer who was about to execute him, saying in a clear voice as he looked into eternity: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Righteousness is indeed the armor of the innocent.

We submit an abridged account of the martyrdom of Joseph



Standing substantially as related by President Clawson, who was present and who, only through the intervention of Providence, escaped the same tragic fate as his companion.

IT was a radiant and beautiful Sabbath morning in the early summer of 1879. All nature seemed wrapped in peace and tranquility. Two missionaries, one twenty-two and the other twenty-six, were walking through a wooded lane in the State of Georgia. They were young, alone, unarmed and far from home. Their only defense was the message of peace and good will toward all men

which they carried in their youthful hearts; but this defense is supreme.

Turninga bend in the road the two young missionaries suddenly came in full view of a posse of twelve men. These men were armed, part of them mounted on horses and the others afoot. As soon as the mobocrats caught sight of the Elders they set up, unitedly, the most fiendish yells and came rushing toward them like a pack

of hungry wolves who had discovered the prey they were about to tear to pieces and devour.

The feelings that were inspired in Joseph Standing, the elder of the two, at this appalling spectacle can only be judged by his appearance. His face was pale as death, his features rigid, while his eyes betokened the intensity of the subdued excitement under which he labored. The sensations which passed through Elder Clawson's mind were new and terrible to him as he was now facing a danger which had no parallel in any former experience of his life.

The expressions upon the faces of these fiends incarnate were in unison with the vengeful sounds which escaped from their throats. They were laboring under the excitement of passion to such an extent that their frames shook and some of them foamed at the mouth.



AS soon as they came up to Joseph Standing, in a clear voice, loud enough to be heard by all of them, he

moving around and indulging in vile and profane cursings. The excitement of Bradley-a large and powerful man -was singularly noticeable. He was on horseback and was holding, with both hands, a double barrelled shotgun across his animal. He shook so that the weapon moved up and down as if he were about to drop it. "Come with us," was the command from the mob.

approached Elder Clawson with

a cocked revolver. He flourished

this weapon, whirling it menac-

ingly in the face of the young man

who looked down the muzzle of

an instrument of that character

for the first time. It is perhaps

needless to state that it looked ex-

ceedingly formidable to him. The

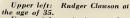
murderous fellow who performed

this part of the program accom-

panied his threatening antics with

the most foul and blasphemous

abuse, while his companions were



Upper right: A picture taken while President Clawson was presiding over the European Mission.
Left: Rudger Clawson, when in

the mission-field with Elder Joseph Standing (seated). Lower right: An unusual picture

Lower right: An unusual picture of Rudger Clawson, taken at the age of two, with an old man who took great interest in the little boy.



satisfied as to your authority to interfere with our movements."

"We'll show you by what authority we act," some of them shouted.

One of the mounted mobbers then jumped from his horse and

THE singular procession then started back in the same direction from which the Elders had come. Standing appeared to be laboring under a terrible strain. His face continoverspread with a deathly pallor; he walked rapidly with his figure erect as an arrow. He moved so quickly that he kept pace with the front line of the mobbers, with whom he constantly reasoned and expos-"Ît is tulated. not our inten-tion." said he, "to remain in

this part of the State. If we had been unmolested we would have been away in a very short time. We use no inducements to persuade people to join our Church. We preach what we understand to be the truth and leave people

to embrace it or not, as they may choose," etc.

Such expostulations had not the lawless band, but rather exasperated them all the more. Indeed it was not what the missionaries might do for which these base fellows had resolved to punish them, but for what had already been do ne.

some of the best and most respected people in that section having em-braced the gospel through Elder Standing's ministrations. They said: "The Government of the United States is against you, and there is no law in Georgia for Mormons." At this point three horse-



Teresa Hastings Judd—grandmother of Rudger Clawson. She was born Oct. 3, 1812.

Thomas Alfred Judd. This picture was taken from an old ambrotype, the subject being 75 years of age at the time.

men left the company and went deeper into the woods, for what purpose they did not know.

FROM the time the Elders were captured by the mob Standing seemed to be affected with a burning thirst occasioned by the suppressed excitement under which he was laboring. On the way he several times appealed to his captors for water and now an opportunity was presented for the first time for him to obtain it. One of the men, pointing to the spring, told him to drink. The young man was farthest from the pool and in order to reach it would have to pass close to several of the mobbers, and while reclining to reach the water would be an easy prey to any of the blood-thirsty crew who might take advantage of his position to do him violence. This possibility seemed to flash across his mind and he said: "I don't wish to drink now.

The man who told him to slake his thirst evidently divined what was passing through his mind and aid: "You needn't be afraid; you can drink as we will not hurt you while you do so." Standing went to the spring and took a copious draught. He was still very pale, his features rigid and overspread with an expression of deep anx-

A desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which the vilest accusations were laid against the "Mormons". The space of about one hour was consumed in this way when the three horsemen who had left the party came in sight. As they rode up one of



them exclaimed: "Follow us."

At this time Joseph Standing was sitting with his back toward the horsemen, but no sooner had the command embodied in

the two words quoted been uttered than he leaped to his feet with a bound, instantly wheeled so as to face them, brought his two hands together with a sudden slap and shouted in a clear, loud, resolute voice—"Surrender."

MAN Aseated close to him pointed his pistol at him and fired. Young Standing whirled or spun three times around upon his feet, fell heavily forward upon the ground, turned once



Margaret Gay and Hiram B. Clawson, parents of Rudger.

over, bringing his face upward and spread his arms widely out being in such a position as to be in the shape of a cross.

As if moved by one impulse all those who had been seated upon the ground arose to their feet. Suddenly a member of the party, pointing to Elder Clawson, said to his companions in an authoritative tone — "Shoot that man."

In an instant every weapon was turned upon the defenseless mis-

sionary who felt that his last moment upon earth had come and that in a few seconds he would be launched into eternity. He fully realized the situation, his feelings being intensified by the expectation that a bullet was about to crash through his brain. The murderous wretches paused a moment with their weapons leveled upon this defenseless boy who folded his arms and said with measured deliberation: "Shoot."

The suspense of a life-time seemed to be thrown into the next few seconds. A whirling sensation passed over his brain and then all was dark. This condition was but momentary and when he recovered the position was unaltered — the murderous ruffians still stood with their guns leveled on him. The man who directed that the young Elder be murdered suddenly changed his mind and countermanded the first order by shouting: "Don't shoot."

THE men at once lowered their guns. They then appeared to sense the horrible character of the deed that had been committed. As soon as it flashed fully upon them they were seized with sudden consternation and instinctively rushed together in a compact group as if seeking mutual protection from each other from the probable consequences of the bloody act.



Elder Clawson walked over to where young Standing was lying, stooped and looked into his face. The spectacle that met his gazesent a shock through his

system that can never be erased from his memory. There lay his companion so recently in the full vigor of life and health—bright, capable and intelligent—now in the last throes of death. There was a large ghastly wound in the forehead directly above the nose, the right eye had been torn out, the brain was oozing from the place where the bullet entered and the death rattle was in his throat. Elder Clawson gently raised the dying man's head and placed his

hat under it to keep it out of the dust. He was then seized with a deep and awful sense of grief, succeeded by a feeling of utter lone-liness which may well be imagined from the appalling character of the situation. Under the circumstances he could only put his trust in God.

As Elder Clawson stood gazing at his friend and companion he was approached by one of the Nations brothers, who said with strong emphasis upon the last word of each exclamation: "This is terrible! This is terrible! This is terrible that he should have killed himself in such a manner."

THE missionary perceived the intention to resort to the suicide theory and deeming it both imprudent and unsafe openly to repudiate it, replied: "Yes, this is terrible." Then realizing the danger of giving the gang any time to sense the fact that to permit him to escape alive would be a menace to their safety he saw there was no time to be lost. He exclaimed: "Gentlemen, it is a burning shame to leave a man to die in the woods in this fashion. For Heaven's sake either you go and procure assistance that the body may be removed and cared for, or allow me to do so.

He urged this point so earnestly and vehemently that the gang consulted a moment and then turning to him said: "You go." He did go and the gruesome experience through which he passed in caring for and bringing home the mortal remains of his innocent and beloved companion were almost as ghastly and terrible as the actual experience of the martyrdom itself.

Elder Clawson immediately sought help to care for the body and to arrange for a coroner's inquest. As he made his way alone across the country in search of a coroner he again met three of the When he mounted mobocrats. recognized them it flashed upon his mind that they had held a conference, reconsidered their plans and were returning to kill him. But sustained again by that intrepid courage which he had already displayed, he continued toward them, faced them, and in response to an inquiry as to where

he was going he indicated the general direction and said: "Over there," which they interpreted as meaning toward his home.

THIS martyrdom occurred on Sunday morning, July 21, 1879, and two weeks later, Sunday, August 3rd, the last sad rites over the mortal remains of Joseph Standing were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle in the presence of ten thousand people. President John Taylor and President George Q. Cannon were the speakers. The remains were interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery. The grave is marked by a handsome monument of Italian marble erected by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion of which he was an active member. At that time the stake embraced all the City stakes and Granite and Grant stakes.

INSCRIBED on this shaft is a brief poem by Orson F. Whitney, the last stanza of which reads: "Our brother rests beneath his native sod, His murderers are in the hands of God. Weep, weep for them, not him whose silent dust

Here waits the resurrection of the just.'

This monument erected more than fifty years ago stands today moss covered and beautiful, a silent witness to coming generations of the sacrificial devotion of Joseph Standing to the cause for which the prophet and his brother Hy-

Simplicity

By Florence Hartman Townsend

GIVE me one yellowed book, one mellow friend,
And I'll not travel roads that never end.

Give me a fireside and a hearty flame, And I'll not join the scramble after fame.

Give me a bit of garden by a wall, And I'll not hear the gold of commerce call.

Keep one bright candle burning on the sill. And it will draw me home whene'er you

Give me a door that swings in welcome wide, And I shall find the whole world—at your side. rum both gave the last full measure of their devotion.

All who read the story of the tragedy which led to this monument must know that Rudger Clawson, in a supreme and crucial hour, displayed the spirit and courage of a martyr—that is why we relate it.

Lorenzo Snow's administration as President of the Church (1898-1901) was a brief but significant one. Divine inspiration was given to him and he formulated and executed the plan which resulted in liberating the Church from the galling bondage of debt. The people recognized his prophetic call, responded cheerfully and generously to the great law of tithing. As a consequence the debts of the Church were met, the bonds burned and the saints rejoiced. President Clawson's training as an expert accountant enabled him to render invaluable service to President Snow during those historic days. He seemed so eminently fitted in every way to do a necessary and vital part in this epoch making period of Church history that one sees the hand of Providence shaping his destiny.

UNDER the most extraordinary circumstances Rudger Clawson became intimately acquainted with Lorenzo Snow and under these adverse conditions this friendship ripened into confidence and affection and the results which followed seem almost miraculous. One cannot review some chapters in his life without being compelled to exclaim: "Truth is indeed stranger than fiction."

Permeating the very vicissitudes of those troubled days is this consoling thought — that oft times the hours that seem darkest, the experiences that seem hardest, in the end are turned to the highest good. Some of his bitterest trials resulted in his happiest and sweetest experiences.

A proverbial patience, a flawless fidelity, an almost faultless faith in God, coupled with a deep devotion to the Church and all that it stands for, has made possible the service and achievements which shall remain eternally to the credit of Rudger Clawson, President of the Council of Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Amigo

 B_1

Estelle Webb Thomas

Ramon Vasquez, in his quaint way, writes interesting letters to Miss Bronson, his "lovely lady school teacher." "Amigo" expresses the essence of friendship.



Decoration by
CORNELIUS VANDERENDE

Sketches by THE AUTHOR



O Miss Bronson, My lovely lady school teacher, Somersville, U. S. A.

My very regarded teacher:— You have ask me that I write you this correspondence when I am again in my native land to keep touch together and continue my improvement in my English composition which I shall need in my business of life hereafter.

It is with difficult that I shall know where to begin this correspondence. It is of no interest to nobody like you, beautiful Miss Bronson, this very hot climate of the plentiful mesquites and cactus and no movie pictures for many miles, but for me, I love it in spite.

TO begin, I was very sad and down-thrown on those day you had told me good-by to the door of the train. My feelings was mixed and divided. I am lonely for you and my dear schoolmates of the U. S., but I am very joyous of my ancient grandmother and Amigo, my burro, and medium glad of the Padre, who has taught me my small knowledge until my uncle carry me to the U. S. and I learn all from you.

I have struggle with the tears

until I remember you have ask me to be Lone Scout, and also recall a scout is brave. There comes presently on the train a so fat lady with the eight children. These are not so clean they are also comsuming paper bags of the candy on sticks, and are noisy and full of quarrel. I am comfortable in my lone seat before they enter. There is not space for the so large family. The fat mother stands in the center and appears very warm and tired. The baby yells in an un-

pleasant way. One very sticky child sits by my side. I arise up. I present my seat to the so fat mother. I go out onto Observation. The wind is fiercely. I receive a cinder in my eye. It is my daily good turn. I feel very nobly.

WHEN we arrive across the border there is a feeling in my heart. Miss Bronson, you have not know this feeling if you have not visit foreign lands. People talk to me in my dear Spanish language. I answer them in U. S.

I wish to speak in the same Spanish, but how then will they know I have attend school in the U. S. and my uncle's money he have spend for my education will be wasted. Then I must

tell them in the Spanish what I have say in U. S. language. It is very

happy.

On the second day I can see broad prairies covered by cattle of the long horn. It is very happy. By the noon time the train stop to obtain water. The conductor tell me it is the nearest to San Josefa. I dismount. He hand me my new suitcase which I have excitedly forgot. With much groans the train move away. I am very

alone. There is nothings but the water tank, and the train going away with great rapidness, and the wide prairie with the cattle far off. I have this feeling in my throat. I have write that I am coming home but perhaps the Padre have not yet read it to my grandmother. But could my ancient Grandmother come to meet with me? She could not. The good Padre, too, is old. I have shame. Is this a Lone Scout's actions? I take my new suitcase and walk forth with briskness. The heat is very much and is making waves before my eyes. There comes a speck on the meeting of the earth and sky. It comes nearer. It sees me and still it walks with slowness and sureness toward my direction. I am surprise! I rub my eyes. It is indeed my loved burro, Amigo! I begin to run. I forget I am this scout and tears run down my face. Amigo puts his head on my shoulder. There are tears in his beautiful eyes also, but that is all right. Amigo is not a scout. Is he not kind that he comes to meet me on this so hot day I must walk home in lonesomeness? I think he has hear the Padre read my letter to my grandmother. He is very wise, Amigo, but he tells me nothings.

T is the siesta when I arrive. Even the dogs are sleeping. The home has grown very smaller while I have gone. I am surprise we have live in so small a house. The dogs are very thin but are full of love that I have come. I make them silent for the grandmother and then I go softly to look at her sleeping. I am



frighten when I see this so very old lady, like the dry leaf in autumn. I think she have die in her sleep. But when she open her eyes they are not dead. Just the eyes. They are all which live. She look at me and her eyes know me but her lips say nothings. She is too old. It is very sadly in the throat and stomache when I behold her. She moves her head and lifts her hand. It is as the claw of a bird. I have memory. I lift and carry her in the sunshine. The hot sun preserves her. It will not let her die. She dries up. I know I am grown while in the U.S. I could not carry my old grandmother when I went away. I call this my daily good turn. When the Padre comes to move her he is surprise.

My lovely school-teacher I must now cease. I have made the too long correspondence. I will use at one time all the box of paper and the Mexican stamps which you have so kindly give me. The blessings of the Good Lady upon you and peace follow in your footsteps.

Ramon Vasquez, San Josefa, June 20. Chihuahua, Mexico.

MISS BRONSON, Somersville, U. S. A.

Most kind and beautiful lady:—I have great joy in my heart when the Padre hand me your so kind and large correspondence. It is kind you should miss my presence in the U. S. where there are the movie pictures and the so many things to take the thoughts. I have joy you should think so kindly of my dear Amigo. He is very wise. I will tell you of

his wisdom.

There is the Fiesta in the Plaza of the village which I should greatly wish to see, but it is not kind I should leave my ancient grandmother. Her speech say nothings, but her eyes know I am with her. They have peace.

This woman who have care for her when I am in the U. S. she is now in her home with her many children. These many children have wish for go to the Fiesta. The two burros which they have will not carry the

so fat mother and all. They ask me Amigo for the riding of some to the Fiesta. I ask of them, How many? They give me answer of five. I have the anger, should Amigo ride five large children to the Fiesta. I give answer of No. This mother has anger. Has she not care for my ancient grandmother? I have shame. Isthis a Lone Scout's actions? I put my arms on the neck of Amigo. I whisper in his so large ear. I tell him of these things. His speech say nothings as my ancient grandmother, but his wise brown eyes say many things. They tell me, Have peace, Ramon, I have more of wisdom than these five, also the so fat mother.

The five mount onto Amigo. They have occupy all of him from the north to the south. They give kicks in his full stomache and strike with thorny stick. I have pain. Amigo walk slowly in the

(Continued on page 178)

On the Great

By
Donald Edward Jenkins



Photo by D .E. J.

REAT SALT LAKE is approximately seventy miles long and fifty wide. When one goes out to visit all the islands and points of interest on it, one cruises four hundred miles or more.

The lake has a reputation for being dangerous. That is due mainly to the newspapers. When someone becomes "lost" on the lake, which means stalled, the newspapers play the incident up—though it is inevitable that somebody next day will chug out and effect a "rescue." The sportsmen who ply this water safely year after year naturally go unmentioned. Even when the several races are held each year, and many a gleaming cup is won, reference to them goes inside on the sport page, where those interested are mainly the ones to notice.

LATE in June the writer, with a party, went out for what was expected to be a few hours' ride

in a motorboat. The motor was an old automobile engine, proving to be quite worn out. Anyway, toward evening it cracked, letting the heavy salt water inside the engine, the starter broke, and so did the clutch! Thus

broke, and so did the clutch! I hus we discovered ourselves condemned to paddle, as best we could, to the nearest beach, which was Antelope Island.

There, while we jovially picnicked around a warm bonfire, the newspapers, under alarming headlines, hopefully feared the worst, the radio stations broadcasting, also the news of "Many a Gleaming our awful plight. "Many a Gleaming Cup is Won"

Night passed, as has been

At Sail on Great
Salt Lake

Next morning low over our heads came flying two friends of mine from the Salt Lake Airport, Lieutenant Clarence P. Talbot with Captain (Doctor) M. Skolfield as observer. Though their main object was to locate us for others, another seemed to be to lend us moral support by waving at us.

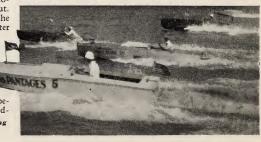
said, the way nights will.

The Lieutenant did, however, give us a fine exhibition of flying.

Simultaneously came the "rescue" boat, as I could but expect. This was a speedboat operated by another friend, Andy Olsen, boatman par excellence.

In my party, besides myself, were three sedate married couples, one husband, a Minister, and another, a Federal Judge. As the speedboat approached, the Judge remarked:

"Anyhow, they can't start a scandal!"



Salt Lake

ACTUALLY the Great Salt Lake is probably the safest body of water in the country for boating. In eighty years of its being navigated, nobody has ever drowned from a boat on it. People cannot sink in the heavy salt water, and with eight islands, a boat caught in a storm can always run behind an island for protection.

While it is true that a few people have been drowned along the shore, their numbers are nothing like those drowned in the fresh water lakes of the state.

From a distance most of the islands look smooth, yet when close one finds them much eroded, their formations, basically limestone, worn into many striking forms.

The most important of the islands is Antelope, which is twenty miles long and about six miles

across. Toward its western shore is a high ridge, with an eastern line of broken peaks towering skyward three thousand feet above the lake. On it run a herd of buffalo. Moreover, on it also is a great sheep ranch, at present stated to be running approximately eight thousand head. In pioneer days, it is said, the Mormon church ran thousands of head of sheep on it; then it was called Church Island. Certain it is that there are on it plenty of fresh water springs. The number is variously given as eighteen to sixty-seven. However, at the present time all but four have been closed in, to enable the ranchers to locate their stock more easily. Some of the springs shut in may have been permamently lost thereby. The



In this article D. E. Jenkins gives many interesting details of one of the world's most interesting and unique bodies of water—the Dead Sea of the West.



Buffalo on Antelope Island

sheep are put on flat barges, one and two decked, and towed to the shore and rail-

roads by a "cozy" with a Fordson tractor motor.

BY permission of the owner of the island, sportsmen have been able to hunt the buffalo on Antelope. That is real hunting. The buffalo are most scary. The Island is full of ridges and rolls. When the hunter comes over a ridge, off like the wind, over the next ridge they go. Over ridge after ridge the hunter follows them. When he is about to give up, he comes over a ridge and upon them again—off over the next they go. It is a case of shoot on sight or not at all. That is, it is thus unless the hun-

not at all. That is, it is thus unless the hunter happens on one of the buffalo in front of an escarpment or some place where the animal feels cornered, in which case, perhaps, the hunter will want to get out of the way.

Stansbury Island, the second largest island, is twelve miles long, has a fine rugged mountain range upon it, and, with two fresh water springs near its center, it is excellent for stock. Nowadays its south end is connected to the shore by a sandbar. It is named after Captain Stansbury.

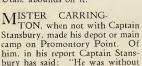
CAPTAIN HOWARD STANSBURY, U. S. A., Corps Topographical Engineers, made the first survey of the Great Salt Lake, back in 1850. For it he established his depot or base camp on Antelope Black Rock Island Island. The lake must have

been at one of its low levels then, for he drove his supplies, beef cattle, horses and mules over to Antelope on a sandbar which connected it to the mainland. That sandbar stood him in good stead for the several months needed for the survey, enabling him to get supplies, whenever needed, by wagon from a tiny but thriving community twenty-five miles distant, called "Great Salt Lake City."

The Captain divided his expedition of many men into three parts, all of whom, however, sometimes worked together. One part was under his second-in-

command, Lieutenant J. W. Gunnison. The third was under a Mormon civilian, Albert Carrington, whose acquaintance the Captain very fortunately made.

Carrington Island, having one central peak, has no springs, but is rich, as Albert F. Phillips has written, in plant life and flowers. The Sego Lily, that delicate white bloom which is the state flower of Utah. abounds on it.



experience in the use of surveying instruments; but, being a gentleman of liberal education, he soon acquired, under instruction, the requisite skill, and by his zeal, industry, and good sense, materially aided us."

Bird Island or Hat Island, without water, is small and rocky, and given the name of Bird Island because it is the

breeding place for teeming millions of sea birds. After the breeding season, for awhile the island is a great silver mass due to being completely covered—from water line to water line—by an unbroken





The Ranch House on Antelope Island

sheet of spider web. The guano attracts the flies, and, the flies the spiders.

White Rock, worthy of being called an island, too, is also a bird

has no water on it, but has even more birds than Bird Island, some think.

THE island called Gunnison is obviously named after Lieutenant J. W. Gunnison. who, however, located his depot at Black Rock. Lieutenant Gunison also surveyed Utah Lake, had done so the autumn before, while Captain Stansbury made a reconnaissance to the north, and, on account of scarcity of palatable water along the north and west shores, a very dangerous reconnaissance around the lake. For the Lieutenant's services Captain Stansbury always had much praise. However,

Gunnison's great services as a surveyor of the West are well known. The town of Gunnison in southern Utah and Gunnison focunty, Colorado, further attest his fame.

Dolphin Island, a waterless, elongated pile of rocks, is named for its shape.

Fremont Island, about seven miles long, is of importance as a sheep range. There is a well on it, the

water from which, however, should be drunk only sparingly by humans.

Fremont is also called Disappointment Island, John C. Fre-

mont, the path-finder, first reached it in a rubber boat, expecting to find it abounding with game. Rich in her bage, this should have been the case, but was not. Hence Fremont named it

Disappointment Island, which generous C apt ain Stansbury changed to Fremont. The Mormons had called it Castle Island because of its appearance

from some angles.

Notable it is, furthermore, that Captain Stansbury gave his assistants the safer regions to be surveyed. To Lieutenant Gunnison,

(Continued on page 164)



On Bird Island

breeding place.

Beautiful indeed is the view from high on any of these islands.

The view from the top of Gunnison Island probably equals any on the Mediterranean. Gunnison

Have you recorded the emotion you experienced when you came into the presence of your "moment of exalted heroism?" If not, after you have read this article you may seize the pen and become immortal,

Written Word

OURS is the written word. It is as free as the air you breathe. It is not the propDr. N. A. Peterson

is yours when you lose sight of choking trivialities and get the long level look of the spirit. The hour has struck

have. Sometimes a serene moment

to seize the pen.

it and wander darkling.

erty of the nobility, the titled nor the talented. It is neither Shakespeare's nor Milton's, nor his who is the literary genius of today. Writing is the property of the plain people. It is his who will use it and great is the use to which it may be put.

All have ideas but we keep them hidden so that nobody knows it. How silly it is to hoard money. Much sillier it is to hoard ideas. So treated they are uninteresting and unproductive. The unemployment of sound ideas is a social menace. Put them into good stimulating words so that others may read them and they at once go to work in the world.

KEEP a diary. Not the flat kind that records the making of the beds, the mopping of the kitchen floor, the eating of a fried egg for breakfast, or such other details, necessary in the lives of us all but yet such events as cast no light on the path ahead, your

own or the reader's. Let the diary record your big hours, such as surely come to everybody occasionally. Hazlitt saw that life consists of moments of special insight. Illustrative of such would be profound sentiment that stirred you on your mother's birthday or at Christmas time, or a big emotion that seized you as you stood at the bier of a friend. Or again they may result from passing through a long affliction, or nursing someone else through one. In the discouragement of it all you are at times blessed with moments of exalted heroism. Don't let them get away. Lock them permanently in the best words you

For one who keeps such a diary, the entire complexion of life changes. Mortality takes on immortality. And like the ripple in the pond, the enlargement spreads from life to life. Even if written for yourself in all privacy it will eventually bless others. Good things will out. Pepy's Diary, written for himself alone in an unintelligible code, found in the course of time its translator, much to the delight of the English world. Yours may point the high road. if not to the huge world, then to a few who live in

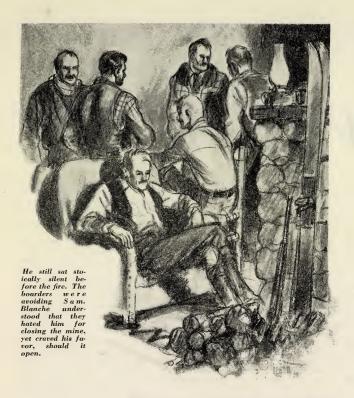
The mail brought me last Christmas a precious document telling the story of my mother's life of eighty-four years. She had written it in longhand and afterwards had it typed. It was a pioneer saga, nothing less dramatic in incident and touching by vir-

tue of its Biblical simplicity and sincerity. It was a great story crying to be told, as are the life stories of thousands of



death bed of another of these pioneer women, aged eighty-five. Her saga was knocking, in that late hour, at the gates of speech. Alas (Continued on page 168)





Big Sam Collins thought he would not take part in the New Year's celebration, but—he did, and what a celebration it proved to be!

> Vilate Raile

The Surrender of Father Time

BLANCHE'S face drooped with melancholy as she stared from the window of the La Blanche Hotel. As far as her kindly, colorless eyes could see the vast whiteness had extended itself, leveling the gulch, climbing the mountains and testing to utmost endurance the steep-gabled roofs of the miner's cabins, which like rockrooted pines hung incredibly from

the seemingly perpendicular mountain-side.

Wild shrubs, fences, sheds, orecars had all been obliterated. The only scars marring winter's smooth soft frosting were the deep snow-walled paths cut through to chain the cabins to the one open road; making way to the company's store, the hotel and the diminutive church.

Blanche was thoroughly accustomed to mountain storms. She looked for the snow to fall in great, soft feathery flakes, and for each flake to settle slowly, painstakingly, as if making itself comfortable for a long stay, but today each fluttering particle added its weight to her burden.

She still frowned as she turned from the window and walked down the runner of red carpet to the open fire, before which Big Sam was scorching the soles of his shoes. Without ceremony she announced: "Sam Collins, you've simply got to help turn these clouds inside out before the New Year."

Sam took his feet from the firescreen, shifted his powerful bulk in the worn Morris chair, but made no answer.

BLANCHE continued: "T've been through cave-ins, snow slides, scores of terrible things since I opened this hotel in Haddy's Hollow, but I've never been through anything like today. Christmas, and sixty or seventy kids disappointed."

"I don't see as there's anything to do about it." Sam turned sleepy eyes in Blanche's direction.

"Course there's nothing to do about Christmas. The day's nearly done, but the New Year can't find us folks sad as we are today. An' it's up to us, Sam, you an' me."

"Me and you? How do you get that way? You talk like I brought on the depression."

"You didn't bring it on, but you could help us out of it."

"Lot I can do, with my money all swiped."

"It ain't money, it's hope they're needin', more'n food or clothes or anything, and you are the only one that can give them hope. Tell 'em the mine's goin' to open. Sam. I'll stage a big celebration New Year's Eve, biggest ever seen in the Hollow, in honor of it."

"You talk like an idiot, Blanche. You know, well as me that the mine hasn't made money for the stockholders for most a year. Do you think we run it for our health? Silver's bringing no price at all."

"But runnin' the mine kept a lot of men busy, an' a lot of kids fed."

"And gave them a place to talk RED, and act like heathens when

they had to taken a ten per cent cut. Sat down on the job, cut their work fifty per cent, stead of falling to, getting more silver out, and making things better. You don't know a darn thing about it."

"Maybe you're right, Sam; but didn't those men help you make



Patsy turned to the group. She was white and still looking as a gardenia, little and frail, but her head was high.

money for years and years? Don't you owe them anything?"
"They've been paid."

"Money, yes! But do you think you have the right to shut the mine down four days before Christmas?"

"It was on account o' the snow. Cost more to keep the road clear than we got out o' the

silver."

"That's the worst part. Just 'cause you don't have to get your old ore wagons down the canyon to Nilwood you let us get trapped in the Hollow like rats. Even them that's got folks can't get out. No Christmas mail got in. Telephone wires down, an' not a chance to get through to fix em' up."

"The snow did it. Don't blame me, for the snow."

"Not entirely. You've been hintin' for a long time 'bout if silver didn't come up the mine'd close. Course we didn't believe you. Didn't think so long as you could make expenses you would."

"What do you think we run the mine for? To give men jobs, or make money?" Sam snorted.

"Do you think we want to take all the silver out of the mine when we can't get a price for it? Nix."

BLANCHE walked to the window. Even in the deepening twilight she could see the snowflakes piling higher and higher. "Easy five foot on the level! Ain't it never goin' to stop snowin'?" she asked aloud. Walking toward Sam she added: "Wouldn't be quite so bad if the telephone wires wasn't down, but folks feel like there ain't no way out o' anything."

"Shouldn't think you'd have much to say about it. Your son-in-law gettin' away with all the money in the bank didn't help, none. I'm one that'd like to get

my fingers on his throat."
"Sam Collins," Blanche clenched
her fist, and talked through her

(Continued on page 182)

Heeding Two Coeds on \$1600 a Month

Wanda Snow





Helen Ellis, Freshman

..........

Wanda Snow, Sophomore **.............**

WO college girls can eat three nourishing, wellbalanced meals every day during a month for sixteen dollars. Any modern college man, reading that, would be apt to snort derisively and ex-

claim, "Of all the bunk! Why, I've spent that much on one of them in a week." And he probably would be right. Nevertheless, it can be, and has been, done.

A year ago, when my room mate, Helen Ellis, and I decided to "batch" together this year, we made a sort of budget which allowed each of us \$20.00 a month for food and rent. We expected that fuel and incidentals would have to come out of our allowances. Now that the year is practically over, and our accounts are balanced, we find that we have each spent an average of \$16.50 a month to live. That has included food, rent, fuel, laundry and newspaper. For food alone, our cash output has been \$8.00 apiece.

Up to the date when we launched ourselves upon this batching expedition, neither of us had ever planned or prepared a complete meal alone, nor had we ever received any instruction in the culinary art, outside of the little information we had unwillingly absorbed at home.

Economy Contest

MISS WANDA SNOW, a college student, tells here how she and Helen Ellis helped solve their financial problems by living comfortably on eight dollars a month each. We believe that many other college students have been able to hold their expenses, if not to eight dollars, at least down to where it would seem any ambitious boys and girls might find it within their power to seek a college education. "The Improve-ment Era" is eager to hear stories of economy-true stories-and will pay a cent a word for the three best accounts turned in

student at any of the institutions of higher learning in the inter-mountain region, write an article telling how you have cut expenses, have your registrar sign the article as an identification, and send it to Economy Contest, "The Improvement Era," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before February 1, 1932.

of not more than 300 words each.

This is how to do it: If you are a college

Needless to say, our first few attempts at cooking weren't what could be termed crowning successes. After three days on fried eggs and spuds, we sped out, and returned home armed with a score of cook-

books. We have studied them as religiously and as profitably, this year, as we have any psychology or religious education text. Now we know our calories, our proteins, our carbo-hydrates, our minerals, our fats, our vitamins and our markets.

OUR first accomplishment was to learn to cook the food without burning it. Then we tried making it appetizing to the taste. And last, we've learned to make it look pretty on the table. Besides that, we found out that the cheaper foods, if prepared carefully, can be just as appetizing, nourishing and attractive as their more expensive cousins. The furors raised by the country when food experts recommended

the cheaper cuts of meat seems to me to be without reason. Anyone should know that meat from the neck of a gentle cow is just as nutritious as that from her loin. The problem is to make Bossy's neck look as appetizing as her hind quarter. This we have long since learned to do.

We learned to make our menus the most adjustable things in the world. If we had planned to buy lettuce, and cabbage was cheaper, we bought cabbage. If that was too high, carrots made a good salad. That old myth about using left-overs, covered with a bit of dressing, for salad became a true story in our lives. If fruit was too expensive, we fell back onto the small supply of canned goods we brought from home. learned that cakes, muffins and biscuits could be made with butter-milk and soda as well as with sweet milk and baking powder, and that even white sauces could be made from sour milk.

WE were at something of a disadvantage, too, it would seem, in that we usually bought things in too small amounts to be able to take advantage of the bulk sale prices. To show how small our purchases usually were, here is a page from our account book: milk, 10c; bread, 15c; eggs, 17c; vinegar, 10c; spinach, 13c; salt, 10c; butter, 33c. Still, there were times, when we wanted only one green pepper or three sprays of parsley along with the occasional roast, that the clerk wouldn't even charge us for so small a purchase.

Everyone has heard it said that it's easy for batching girls to live cheaply because they don't get up in time for breakfast, have something cold at noon, and eat at their friend's place at night. But that hasn't been the case with us. We've never missed having breakfast one school morning this year. We learned to bank the fire; so we could always cook at least a stew for lunch. And our evening meal has come to be something of a ceremony with us. The times we've eaten out have been over-balanced by the times we've entertained our friends at meals.

Not only have we got along—merely lived. We've celebrated also, and enjoyed it—both of us, and our friends—on \$16.00 a month.



PILGRIMAGE

By Mary Hale Woolsey

Out of the East, a Star!
Out of the skies, a song!
Wise Men, led from afar;
Shepherds, tender and strong;
Down thru the years, a tale
Thrilling sweet to unfold—
Bearing me back, it seems,
To sacred scenes of old:

The desert wind is cool against my face;
The shifting sand, a cushion for my feet,
As with the caracan of Magi old
I go, tonight, the Bethlehem Babe to greet.
A radiance such as no dawn ever knew
Descends from yon bright Star far up above,
And marks the place where we shall find the King—
To whom we bear our little gifts of love.

What though the flying years
Count centuries since that day?
Though the land where the bright Star shone
Be thousands of miles away?
What though no trace be left
Of the path that the Wise Men took?
My guide is a gloving page
In a great and holy Book!

Here stand I with the shepherds on the hill.
All silent lie the flocks of patient sheep.
Below, the darkened city slumbers still;
Above, the countless stars a vigil keep.
Then—sudden light! Oh, happy listening ears
That hear the visiting angels gladly sing,
"Rejoice, all people! for to you this night
Is born a Savior, who is Christ the King!"

And Bethlehem's heavenly music
Of peace, goodwill on earth,
Rings out in strains immortal
To hail Messiah's birth.
Though heard but once, yet truly
To echo evermore—
No other hour so wondrous
In all Earth's treasured lore.

Wise Men and shepherds kneel in reverent ave Beside the Babe . . . but I must stand apart, For here, alas! Time holds restraining hand, And I can but adore Him in my heart. Yet He will know and measure my devotion, And if He finds me worthy, then with these I too shall stand, sometime, within His presence Who counts not space of time, or lands, or seas.

Oh, Holy Babe of Bethlehem, Year after changeful year 'Year after changeful year 'Thy sweet, loved story, told anew, 'Perfects our Christmas cheer. And Bethlehem's Star, eternal In glorious heraldry, Shines on through all the ages—Still leading unto Thee!

A Daughter of

Chapter Six

In which Gloria, whose life had been given to service, broke away from the farm and took her children to the city, where they might receive an education.

EARS. Eels. Turnips. Elderberries. Radishes."
Gloria read and reread the cipher far into the night. That had been Peter's promise to her—a cipher message, when a letter awaited her which had been addressed to the postmistress. She rose early and performed the household tasks with a rapidity that made Aunt Catherine gape in astonishment. Then giving Nancy full instructions for the simple dinner, Gloria went for the mail herself, taking "Prance," who was now old and decile.

"I brought you a dozen of my choicest eggs, Mrs. Bottling," Gloria handed over the gift preparatory to making her request. "Have

we any mail?

"There's two bills for Mr. Whittman," Mrs. Bottling made no secret of her examination of all mail as far as possible, "two farm magazines and I got a letter for you." When her hand was securely in the egg basket, Mrs. Bottling produced a bulging letter from her pocket. "Came addressed to me. Peter has confidence in me. I like that boy. He saved my cat once, from being killed by a train. I gave him some ginger cookies that had got hard. After that, we was always friends."

GLORIA was absorbed in her letter. Page after page she scanned rapidly, knowing there would be many later readings. A thin slip of bluish green paper fell out. "Pay to the order of Mrs. Jonas Whittman—fifty dollars." Why it was money from Peter. He must have a job!

"I live with the Conrads. I work days. I go to school nights. I clean the courthouse. Judge says custodian is a nicer word than janitor. I weigh a hundred fifty now. I had a ride in an auto. It went fifteen miles an hour. I'm going to be a doctor. The town is dead from the bottom of the boom falling out. Judge has a little house where we can all live. He got it for taxes. The girls must have schooling. It is free. You must come. Bring Father if he will come, but you must come anyway. The school is only two blocks from the little house. We will all work. School starts October first. I am six feet tall."

Peter.

Gloria flushed scarlet, turned pale, and flushed again. While seemingly busy dusting the counter, Mrs. Bottling had kept a careful eye upon Gloria's facial expression.

"No bad news I hope? Peter

well?"

"Peter is wonderfully well and busy and happy. We are all proud of him." If Mrs. Bottling suspected that Jonas did not know the whereabouts of Peter, she would not rest until, in a circuitous manner, she had conveyed the news to him.

LITTLE Claire could not be left to the fitful care of a father unskilled in the care of a delicate wound. Her injured eyeball withered in the socket; the eye lids puckered, drawing her face into a slight twist. And because Bruce never looked at her when he could avoid it, the child developed a piteous, love-hungry expression.

"I think Bruce had better leave Claire with me this winter," suggested Gloria. "She would be dreadfully lonesome over in his

house.'

"I see no objection to Bruce staying with us," added Jonas. "The boy's room is vacant—it seems Peter is not coming back. And Bruce has always treated me with more kindness than did my own sons."

"If Bruce stays with us, he should promise to drive the girls

to school every day—no matter what the weather is. These girls simply have to have education."



Aunt Catherine felt urged to protest, "You're killing yourself, Cloria," she admonished. "Just because Bruce is moving in, no need to make such a celebration of it."

Martha Ivy Williams Stone

"You have an obsession on that subject of schooling." Jonas could not accustom himself to such a positive statement from a woman. "If Bruce stays, he must do so and so. You say so. I say Bruce may come here under any conditions I may wish to impose. We are using his land with ours—"

"But we must educate our children at the time they are receptive!" It was a good, new word, and Gloria had spent time learning it. "New fields are opening up for women—the generation demands it—the state offers it—our children

must have it. Somewhere back east, I read where they put a man in prison because he refused to send his children to school."

Aunt Catherine threw up her

hands in astonishment.

"And whose children were they?" she demanded. "Who has the right to say what shall happen to a child except his rightful father?"

"Jonas," Gloria's voice trembled at first, but gradually gained steadness, "these children must go to school. After you are gone, what will land mean to girls? Are they to grow up in ignorance, marry uneducated men, bear children to whom the doors of education are forever locked? I beg you, I implore you, my husband, give to the girls now, while they are young. Leave them nothing when you die, but give them education now."

"One tongue is enough for a woman," countered Jonas. "The great poet Milton said that. It doesn't hurt a girl to work."

"A girl can be a good worker who can read and cipher too."

"We'll stay here, gladly, Father Whittman. It would be sorter cold and lonely in the house over yonder—besides I never was much of a cook," Bruce answered, when Jonas invited him to come.

CLAIRE slept with Aunt Catherine, much against Gloria's wishes, but it was Bruce's choice. Gloria and her three girls occupied the same old room. Jonas allowed no one to disturb his rest, so Bruce took his former room, where the walls still held the Indian pictures he had made for Peter when he had first come into the Whittman home.

When Bruce moved in Gloria confronted Jonas in the library. "If I am to wash Bruce's clothes and cook his meals and care for Claire, he is to make return to me by driving our three daughters to school every day."

Jonas was writing a poem, over which he had labored for hours. It seemed so garish and harsh to be constantly interrupted by the petty irritations of his family. He really had no objections to the girls going to school, but Gloria was getting too independent. People of her complexion were apt to be that way, if they ever got the upper hand.

"The ballot seems to have turned your head," he answered absently.

"That is my decision," calmly replied Gloria.

"If Bruce wishes to haul the girls, well and good; but there shall be no must about it." Jonas returned to his dictionary. What word rhymed with self?

LIFE gave no prospect of opportunity for the girls. At the best the village school was held for only five months, and tugging at the heart of Gloria was Peter's urge to come to the town, and the craving of her own soul. The books she had wanted to read, the music she had wanted to play, the pictures she had wanted to paint, the songs she had wanted to sing, all these things should not be denied to her children. She had brought them into the world -she was responsible for their welfare. If Jonas would not, she, Gloria, would have to do it, alone.

Throughout one entire night she prayed for guidance. Jonas had such a fine mind and he, too, in years gone by, must have had similar urges, else why the piano, the library, the conservatory, the phonograph? But already he was suggesting that Nancy should learn to milk. He was her husband. "For richer—for poorer—for better for worse—" But his life was decided. He had had his chance. These children were in the formative period—plastic. The next ten years would mold their entire span of life. Jonas had



achieved his one great ambition—two sections of land and a gravel pit. What right had they, as parents, to deny ambitions to children, even if they did run in other lines? All she wanted for them was a roof over their heads, and a school, and food.

By morning her decision was made. She journeyed to the store with the old buggy and amazed Mrs. Bottling with the size of her grocery order. She took no wheat or butter to trade; but when the rice and raisins, the currants and baking, the spices and dried fruits were stored in the buggy, Gloria laid down the bluish-gray paper in payment, as though fifty dollar money orders were a daily occurrence. That night she stoned the raisins, cleaned the currants; all the next day she baked and cooked and cleaned until even Aunt Catherine felt urged to protest.

"You're killing yourself, Gloria," she admonished. "Just because Bruce is moving in, no need to make such a celebration of it. But at that, I admit I'll enjoy that

fruit cake."

GLORIA did not ask Bruce ever to cut wood; she was still young and strong, and her axe rang with new determination as it fell upon the logs. Nancy helped with the carrying of the water, and the huge washing which had accumulated. All the dishes of the house were thoroughly washed: all beds were changed; Gloria scrubbed the floors and the halls. She served a heavy supper of pork and fruit cake; she managed to keep all the family up later than usual; her last act before retiring was to heap the wood box and see that the reservoir and all available buckets were full of water.

Jonas slept peacefully, confident that Gloria had taken her rebuke and there would be no further friction. Bruce hadn't had such a meal since his wedding night. Little Claire snuggled into the embrace of old Aunt Catherine, grateful for any morsel of human affection that fell her way.

But Gloria did not sleep. She wakened Nancy and together they quietly packed the few personal belongings of Gloria and the three girls. They had no change of shoes; they had no best coats. Even their all made a pitfully small pile.

Then Gloria tiptoed into the parlor and in the half light of breaking day she gathered her gourds and added them to her pile. She did not take the phonograph, nor any book; she took none of the food she had prepared. But the gourds had come to her, for herself, from far away Africa. She would never leave them.

"How the seeds rattle, Mother,"

whispered Nancy.

"They are getting old and withered," replied Gloria. "When I no longer need them, there will be three for each of you children."

She sliced the bacon for breakfast; laid the kitchen fire, set the table for four—Jonas—Bruce— Aunt Catherine—Claire. Against Jonas' plate she propped a little note.

"I have gone to Peter. He and I will keep the girls in school. I will come back whenever you will promise to have them driven to our school. I will have a place for you whenever you want to come to me."

A RAIN had washed over the road; an early frost had frozen the ruts, until the twins whimpered because their shoes were thin and their feet hurt. But Gloria paid no heed. She hurried them along, through the chill early morning air, to the station. As the route paralleled the river, she noticed a huge rock out in the river bed, that had been smoothly rounded from centuries of erosion. Gloria did not know the word erosion; but she did know that the rock was worn from the contact of endless waters. Life was a river, and she was a rock. She was being worn smooth from contact with trials and conflicts.

The agent obligingly flagged a freight train and sent a message to Peter. The children were having their first train ride, over the same



track that had carried Gloria to the Golden Spike Jubilee. But this was no longer a carefree Gloria. She was a determined, resolute woman who had burned her bridges; a woman who had taken her children away from her husband. "For richer—for poorer -for better, for worse." car wheels seemed to beat a rhythm to the refrain. She peered out of the murky caboose window as the train sped through Jonas' meadow; she fancied she saw a thin curl of smoke from the chimney. Would Catherine remember that Jonas liked his bacon crisp, but not burned? Would she serve the cakes gradually, or would they have one big feast? Would Bruce do the milking?

HE town and work and Peter lay ahead of her. How the town had grown. She had not been there for seven years. The street cars had no horses this time. but a pole that carried an elevated More miracles from that man Edison. Noise and confusion -and here was Peter, all smiles and store clothes, his curly brown hair no longer refractory, but smoothly combed. How like her brothers he was! Tall, lean, built for endurance-a boy who would get that thing which he desired, a boy who would never give up. Beside Peter stood another man, self assured, smiling, and Gloria had difficulty in recognizing the lad who had come to the house at night, hungry and footsore, the lad who had left bearing the scars of Lott Gascom's dogs.

"It's all arranged," explained Peter making little movements with his hands in tune with his "Judge Conrad owns a little house which he bought for delinquent taxes. Yes," added Peter, "I know the meaning of that word, Mother, and lots more as big as that too. Pretty soon Nancy can come into a spelling bee with me. Well, we're to live in this little house, and I'll work and you can find something to do too, and we'll keep these girls in school. This is Francis Conrad, girls.'

"We can't take the house for nothing, Peter. Never accept something for nothing."

"Nothing indeed!" scoffed Francis. "I like that. Who steeped

(Continued on page 186)

Hawaiian Nocturne

Fred L. Goddard



Photo Courtesy News of Hawaii, Honolulu

THE day is done—not a star as yet has pulsed through the fading sunlight to earth. There is no whisper of air—the dusk is gathering rapidly in the distant ravines and canyons and hollows of the hills and mountains.

Tall and slender coconut palms rear their feathery fronds aloft—silhouetted against a sky as blue as day—motionless, silent. The ocean beyond lies dead and blue under the arching cloud-flecked heavens, with its eastern horizon darkened by the gathering gloom. In the branches of a great banyan tree nearby, a noisy swarm of mynah birds chatter and scold as they settle themselves for the night.

From afar comes the murmur of the sea.

THE dusk deepens—the eastern restless horizon, the hollows, ravines and canyons, the wooded slopes of the hills and mountains—the city itself—all are steeped in profound mystery. The western horizon of the slumbering ocean is faintly tinged with the luminous glow of the sun which has long since sunk below its rim. Lights twinkle brightly through the mantle of darkness—through the dense foliage—mass—the velvet dome of the sky is studded with the

jewels of the universe, gleaming and sparkling like diamond dust.

"The heavens and the earth are enchanted"

A faint breeze stirs the leaves and branches of the motionless trees and shrubbery—sways the drooping fronds of the indolent palms. New sounds are borne onward by the vagrant breeze—the chirp of crickets—the soft rustlings and whisperings of the leaves—the monotonous strumming of an ukulele—the melancholy deep-throated hooting of an owl—the answering cry of a Hawaiian night-hawk—the swelling cadence of Hawaiian melody.

A FULL moon rises over the sharp pinnacle of Diamond Head, flooding the city in a cascade of silvery light, and changing the highlands of Oahu into a mystery of ebony and silver.

The heavens and the earth are enchanted—the deep shadows are peopled by mysteries. The moon glides past the drifting cloudbanks and sinks below the sea rim.

The city is cloaked in silence, and the darkness of night reigns.



Moved—Left No Address

Little Tommy Tucker Sings for his supper. What does he get? White bread and butter.

F you must have a new kind of Christmas story, seek elsewhere, dear reader, for here you will find a formula as old as story-writing itself. But if you care more for what is in the package than for the red and green paper in which it is wrapped and the Christmas ribbon with which it is tied, you may find some enjoyment in the tale of one Tom Tucker, who sang for a living. I have given you fair warning; now read on at your own risk.

I will spare you the details of fice it to say that it was not a happy one. Leave home he did, and write home he did not. The memory of certain bitter moments which preceded his going remained with him and stayed his hand when he would have written. So the short hand of the clock made many circuits, and many leaves were torn from the calendar, before Tom finally did write—not to his father, who had been, Tom felt, the cause of those bitter moments—but to his mother.

Now the prologue is over and the curtain goes up on the show itself.

A much-postmarked and re-addressed envelope reposed serenely within pigeon-hole number sixteen at the desk of the Elite Hotel. It so happened that Room 16 was at that time occupied by Thomas Tucker, singer.

The clerk at the desk, a small, thin young man with horn-rimmed glasses and very little hair, looked up from the detective magazine he was reading at the sound of approaching footsteps and merry whistling.



Looking up to the stars, Tom started to sing solely for his own amusement.

Bryce W. Anderson

"Letter for you, Mr. Tucker," he called in a thin, apologetic voice.

Tom veered toward the desk. The clerk removed the much-post-marked and re-addressed envelope from the pigeon-hole and thrust it into Tom's hand. Tom looked down at the en-

velope, and as he did so the tune died on his lips and a look of pain and sadness swept over his face. Then he turned and stumbled hastily up the stairs to his room, without a word to the clerk.

WITHIN his room, Tom sat down heavily on the bed and stared for a moment at the envelope; then he cast it upon the cheap dresser. A sob racked his body. Rising, he walked to the window and stood gazing out at the dull gray city which hummed about the Elite Hotel. The letter lay peacefully upon the dresser, quite oblivious of the suffering it had caused. Its original address was: "Mrs. Ezra Tucker, Route 4, Oshkosh, Wis." Across its face was sprawled in the bold red letters of a post-office stamp the reason for its return to Tom: "Moved—Left No Address."

The city upon which Tom gazed appeared even more than usually cheerless to him at that moment. The gall of regret was his. Every hour that he had delayed writing home now smote him with a violence of its own. "Moved—Left No Address." His folks were gone; he knew not where. The red lettering of a post-office stamp mocked him for a head-strong fool. "Moved—Left No Address!" Simple enough words, but what a cargo of pain they carried to Thomas Tucker!

There are some who grieve easily. There are others who go through life with a laugh ever on the lips, a twinkle ever in the eyes. Carefree, we call them; yet it is upon these that sorrow sometimes inflicts its deepest wounds. Such was the case with Tommy Tucker. He had worried little over his home folks, but somewhere in the back of his head (or perhaps in the depths of his heart) had lurked a never-expressed feeling that some day he would return home. But now that home was no more. And his parents were gone. Remorse shot its bolt at Tom's heart and scored a perfect, painful bulls-

THAT afternoon, Tom handed in his resignation. His manager stormed and pleaded, but to no avail. Tom was firm.

Tom had been singing for his supper, also for his lunch and breakfast, ever since he had left home. The salary he had received had been meagre enough, yet, in some inexplainable manner Tom had managed to "put away a little." On that little he began the search for his lost parents.

First he went to Oshkosh, and inquired of his former neighbors whether they knew where his parents had gone. They answered him negatively, without exception. The Tuckers had just moved away, nobody knew where. Tom expected neither friendliness nor sympathy from these folk; he got no more than he expected. Mrs. Sullivan, Tom's former next-door neighbor, spoke the opinion of the entire neighborhood when she said:

"You've caused your folks enough grief, Tom. They never got over bein' sorry you left. They wanted to get away from their old surroundings and start over again, I guess. A lot you cared! You never even wrote. And now I guess you're broke so you want your old home back. Well, it's too late now, Tom. Your home's gone, and your parents, too, and I just hope you don't find 'em to cause 'em any more grief."

Tom felt of a returned letter in his breast pocket and turned away, his cheeks hot with shame and resentment.

At the corner store he received his first ray of hope. The storekeeper said that Mr. Tucker had expressed an intention of moving to a town in Illinois.

"No, he didn't say the name of the town," declared the merchant in answer to Tom's query, "but I think he said it's somewhere in the central part of the state."

Tom left the store in a depressed



state of mind and took the first train for Chicago.

FROM there he worked his way south, visiting each hamlet along the road to inquire of all who might know if anyone by name of Tucker had recently been added to the town's population. It was slow, heart-breaking work. At every hand he met with blank stares and head-shakings. Once, a week out of Chicago, he thought he had reached the end of the trail. A village constable informed him that a family of Tuckers had just moved into "the old Chisum house." Tom hastily extracted from the officer of the law details of the location of this edifice, and rushed there, only to find the man in question to be a Nathaniel Tucker—"just come no'th from Tennessee, suh."

The green leaves turned to yellow, red and brown. Chill winds sprang up from the north and rattled them down from the trees. The same winds chilled the bones of the homeless wanderer, Tommy Tucker.

Snow fell. Highways became slick with ice, and the world took on the frozen silence of winter. Another holiday season was approaching. Tom was sick with discouragement. It seemed that he might well abandon the search, but it had now become an obsession, and he sought from sheer force of

habit, as though nothing else were left in life for him.

HIS wanderings this season took him farther north than he had straved before, back toward Oshkosh. And so one evening he dropped off at a lonesome station house, his mandolin clutched beneath his frayed coat. The sign over the door of the little station read "Perkins Corners," and the two or three dozen houses that loomed up in the twilight lent little distinction to the name. Still. they were comfortable - looking houses, homely, after the fashion of farm homes, but emanating a sort of cheer through their curtained windows. In many of these windows hung Christmas bells and wreaths of holly and poinsetta, and Tom recalled without any glow of warmth that it was Christmas Eve.

As Tom shuffled down the street that led south from the station, looking about for a place in which to spend the night, he was struck by a strange familiarity about these dwellings. Many of them reminded him of his old home on the rural route in Oshkosh. A couple of stores loomed up on his right, and over a door of one of the store buildings he caught sight of the words,"U . S. Post Office." For no good reason at all, Tom paused before the sign and stared curiously at it. And now he saw some smaller letters below the legend, barely visible in the pale light of the Christmas moon. He stepped nearer, and peered at them. "Perkins Corners, Wis.," read the let-ters. Tom's heart gave a little That freight train must leap. have carried him farther than he had thought; he had supposed himself to be still in Illinois. But. after all, what difference did it make? Tom turned away and shuffled on down the street.

AND then Tommy Tucker did something he had never done before. Perhaps it was the Christmas spirit percolating to him through the lighted windows of those cheerful, homely houses. Perhaps it was the guiding hand of Fate, that mysterious force which gets blamed for so many happenings. Who knows? Anyhow, Tom pulled his mandolin from

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Beauty in the Home

By

LUTIE H. FRYER

Professor of Home Economics University of Utah

IV

Rhythm and Emphasis

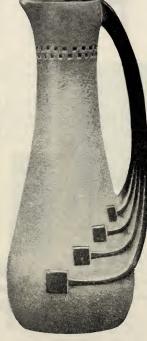
E find that in all races, from the very earliest time, man has sought to beautify his dwelling place; he was created with what might be called a decorative instinct. From that time to the present day, as civilization has advanced, design has become an important factor in our daily lives, especially in all matters pertaining to the decoration and furnishing of our homes.

Rhythm is an important factor in any good design. If several people were asked to give examples of rhythm, the illustrations would vary greatly, but each, no doubt, would convey the idea of related movement. One would mention the swinging lines of a poem or the beat of march music; another would suggest the graceful movement of a dance or the breaking of waves upon the shore.

Rhythm, in any problem of art, is give the impression of action or movement. Rhythm is produced by the repetition of identical or similar lines or shapes, generally in a given direction, as in the spiraling of smoke or the swirl of draperies.

Rhythm, then, is related movement. Plain surfaces such as walls and floors show no movement, but the moment that any form of pattern appears upon these plain surfaces, movement is created. This movement may be organized and easy, and thus rhythmic, or it may be very restless and disturbing, and lacking in rhythm.

THREE ways of securing rhythm have been suggested often (1) through repetition of shapes; (2) by progression of sizes, and (3) by related line movement. First. Rhythm gained through repetition of shapes may be found in the repetition of drawers in a cabinet. When rhythm is secured through repetition of shape, care must be exercised to avoid the



Rhythm, gained through a progression of sizes, creates a rapid movement of the eye as can be seen in the decoration on this vase. The beauty of the well proportioned handle is emphasized as it is the center of interest. An example of the misuse of this rhythm is found in the arrangement of pictures placed against a wall in such a manner. monotony of equal spaces, for good proportion is necessary in repetition if beauty is to be the result. Second. A progression of sizes may make interesting borders for small rugs or even for draperies. This type of rhythm produces rapid movement and is often misused. Examples of this misuse is found when small panes of glass are set in a door in a series of steps, which carry the eye upward; or in the case of pictures when hung in like man-The eye is carried upward toward the ceiling and away from that part of the room which is the center of interest. While this arrangement is undesirable, a group of objects in which there is no variation in height is monotonous. Third. Rhythm that is produced through line movement may be found in the proper hanging of draperies, so as to show graceful folds, and in the running border patterns used in various decorative ways. Certain styles of furniture, notably the Louis XV and Queen Anne, show this rhythm of line. Greek sculpture and Japanese prints contain line rhythm, and often there is a swinging movement throughout that produces much the same sensation as does a graceful

Emphasis

THE eye and mind do not enjoy a mere collection of lines, shapes, or colors; they must be arranged into a pattern. In all designs, whether a picture, a chair, or a room, there should be only one outstanding idea, all others should be subordinated. This outstanding idea is referred to as a center of interest or emphasis.

The first thing to do in the decorating of a room is to decide what is going to be this center of interest and just how much should it be emphasized. Many rooms are literally a three-ring circus. We all have seen the room wherein figured wall paper and pic-

tures were used, the floor was carpeted with rugs containing large, bold patterns, and then still further confused with figured furniture covers and a considerable amount of bric-a-brac. The question may well be asked, "Why are these combinations bad?" Because the person who has such a room has not been content to choose an outstanding feature in the room but has put equal emphasis upon all; and the result is confusion.

It may seem paradoxical to define Emphasis as Simplicity. But, next to appropriateness for its purpose, the greatest quality of any object is simplicity. The keynote of Greek and Japanese art is simplicity and from their art we learn that the way to achieve simplicity is to understand emphasis. The principle of emphasis states that attention should be called to the different parts of a design in order of their importance. In carrying out the plan of such an arrangement in the furnishing of a room, first call attention to the important things and subordinate those which are less important. In the field of decoration the background should have the least em-

phasis. This is an important law of art: "Backgrounds should be less conspicuous than the objects which are placed a g a i n s t them."

Rhythm and emphasis in interior design are potent factors in producing a sense of grace and dignity — w hile lack of either produces a feeling of uneasiness and discomfort.

Rhythm In Wall Coverings

OFTEN a wall paper or rug pattern is very pleasing when seen in a small piece, but when repeated over a large surface as on the wall or floor, it shows too much ac-

tion and fails to make an agreeable background in every sense of the word. One enjoys decided rhythmic movement in small areas, such as in cushions or curtain materials, rather than in large areas such as wall papers and

rugs for large rooms.

The most effective background against which pictures, furniture and other objects are placed is one which contains no definite line movement. For this reason sand-finished walls, stippled paper and grass-cloth are excellent. Next to these the wall papers

which show just a slight variation of light and dark pattern are preferable to those containing a noticeable movement. Texture is of more importance than design. Bold diagonal lines



Courtesy H. Dinwoodey Furniture Co

At top.—An example of a chair containing beautiful rhythmic lines and interesting spaces.

At left.—This chest is a good example of rhythm gained through repetition of shapes. Note how monotony has been avoided through good proportions as can be seen in the different width of drawers.



Courtesy Williams-Nibley, Inc.

Upper right.—Rhythm gained through easily connected or a continuous line movement is secured through the proper hanging of draperies.

Lower right.—This chair is lacking in rhythm. The proportions are not interesting.

> make the poorest kind of background because they create rapid action in opposite directions. This type of paper should not

be used in bed-rooms because it produces restlessness instead of rest and repose.

If a line design is desired it is better to choose a good stripe than a diagonal pattern. In striped paper the lines are closely related to the structural lines of the room, and if the dark and light of the stripes do not show too great a contrast, that is, if a

pleasing transition is produced, there will be an agreeable amount of movement for a background.

Rhythm In Floor Coverings

SINCE floors serve as the base of the room and form part of the background, the same good judgment should be used in the selection of floor coverings. Diagonal lines should be avoided because they contradict the structural lines of the room. This is especially true when the lines contrast with the background in strong light and dark values. The lines of the rugs should follow or rhyme with the lines of the room. The most successful carpet designs are those which suggest interesting textures, and perhaps a slight vibration of pattern and color.

In the furnishing of a room it is necessary to definitely determine how much movement is to be found in the wall and floor coverings before the amount of design in the furnishings can be determined. A greater degree of movement is permissible in drapery materials if the room has plain back-

grounds. In case of figured wall paper the draperies should be void of design.

Rhythm In Furniture

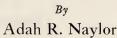
ALL furniture show stability rather than movement. For this reason, in the selection of furniture, one should select straight lines combined with restrained curves which are both strong and graceful. Too much straight line in furniture will result in monotony as can be seen in a room filled with mission furniture when un-relieved by curved lines. Curved lines suggest movement and if too many pieces of curved line furniture are used together, especially if the curves are exaggerated, the room

will look restless. The best type of furniture is one in which there are enough straight lines to give dignity and stability, and enough of the rhythmic curves to relieve the severity of the design.

An appreciation of rhythm not only enables one to purchase beautiful furniture but to arrange it in a room (Continued on page 163)

That Elusive Thing Called

9'harm





O you attract or repel friendships? Does your personality give

out a radiance and warmth that attracts people to you, or do you incase yourself in a hard shell that must be penetrated before your real personality can be known?

When people attract friendships we say they have charm.

What is charm?

Ask fifty different people this question and you will get fifty different answers. Sir James Barrie, himself the most charming of men, answers it with, "Oh, it's—it's—sort of a bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. And if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all, most have charm for one, but some have charm for none." We may not fully agree with Barrie, but nine girls out of every ten will tell you they would rather be charming than beautiful, and all boys will admit that they want to develop a fine personality which, in spite of Barrie's inference that charm belongs only to women, is their way of saying that they too would like to be charming.

But what is charm?

It is a most difficult thing to define or describe. It belongs to no particular age or place. It may be had by rich and poor alike-neither the hovel nor palace is immune to it.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, one cold winter day, standing on a busy street corner in a big city, noticed

a ragged urchin with his bundle of papers shivering in the cold. Approaching the boy he bought a paper, and paused to say, "My little man, you must be very cold on this windy corner." The lad looking into the kindly face replied, "I was, sir, until you Charm-the very essence came by!"

The Prince of Wales is one of the Prince Charmings of the worldnot especially gifted in any particular line, yet he attracts the friendship of rich and poor alike and serves his Kingdom as its good will ambassador.

What is this quality in personality which gives the prince and the pauper alike that which the French call savoir-faire-the ability to do and say the right thing at the right time? Is it a something that must be born with us or is it something which may be acquired?

The modern psychologist is very comforting since he assures us that no human being is born without the germ of this magic power, though it may lie dormant within. In a few it is fully developed, others must give attention and cultivation if it is to become active. It then becomes a part of the personality differing in kind and degree according to the individ-We may conclude then that there are as many different kinds of charm as there are different kinds of people.

WHEN we think of charm as VV described by Barrie, we think in terms of Maud Adams—she of the elfin grace - fragile - wistful - the sweet throaty voice, and lovely birdlike turn of the head. A personality that attracts and enchants us,-yet how futile to try to imitate it!

There are many other outstanding types of charm. Theodore Roosevelt was cowboy, writer, statesman; he was virile, strenuous, aggressive and yet running through his personality was a thread of gentleness, of loving

kindness and loyalty that made him altogether charming. But how impossible to imitate him, because charm is the thing we ourselves express. Any attempt to imitate the charm of another would show the sweat of labor-and so fail. Charm is artstruggle for it and it eludes you, pursue it and it fades away-it must ever be the natural, outward expression of inward grace. The artist works and toils to develop and perfect his art, but when he gives expression to it, he does so freely and naturally. The hostess who labors and strains to entertain her guests is never charming. Charm is ease, and we must do things without apparent effort, if we would be charming. Each person must find and develop his own kind of charm, and while we may never be able to develop a personality as captivating as a Maud Adams, or attain to the robust compelling charm of a Roosevelt, we can cultivate the seed which is inherent within us and at least be counted among those who "charm

HOW, then, shall we go about the cultivation of this dormant power? Let us take off the lid of our personality and look within. We may be honest and moral, and sturdy in character and yet lack charm. Isn't it rather the graces of personality that attract friendships?

Are we courteous?

Do we think of others first and ourselves last?

Have we a sense of humor?

And last but not least have we an understanding heart? If we do not possess some of these

traits of character we cannot hope to develop much charm.

To be courteous, means to be civil -an attitude we owe toward all hu-

A selfish, self-centered person is seldom interesting to anyone but himself. It is the spontaneous act, showing thoughtlessness of self, which ex-

(Continued on page 169)

The Skillful use of English

Kenyon Wade

Do you use English with the clarity, brevity, and just the shade of meaning you desire?

NLESS we are adept at "making signs" to those with whom we would communicate, we must make our thoughts known by the spoken word; and happy is he who employs such shades of rhetoric as will dodge all colloquialisms as one would the shadows.

In case of the written word-"putting our word-soldiers on dress parade"—let us remember

brevity and clearness:

"If I am ever obscure in my expression, do not fancy that therefore I am deep. If I were really deep, all the world would under-stand," says Charles Kingsley.

'Clear writers, like clear fountains," says Walter Savage Landor, 'do not seem so deep as they are.'

We are all familiar with the story of the editor, who in returning a long manuscript, enclosed the terse note:

"Boil it down: story of creation of the world told in 80 words.'

THE lovesick swain caught the spirit of this brevity when he poured out his soul in a note of two words:

'Dear Mary: Will you?" To which Mary replied with equal directness:

'Dear James: I will."

When there was a mild mutiny in General Grant's army, and the soldiers were later assembled expecting a reprimand, in walked the General with boots and spurs, and a red bandana around his neck. The assembly was hushed in expectancy. Grant stepped forward on the platform:

"Go to your quarters!" he commanded, and his effective fourword speech was ended.

Arlo Bates, in his "Talks On Writing English," gives this illustration of the suppression of nonessentials:

"Water having been brought, Pilate," according to Miss Corelli (in Barrabas), this proceeded:

'Slowly lowering his hands, he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire.

The Bible finds it possible to say all of this that is necessary in

"Pilate took water, and washed his hands."

Why wander into the mazes of: "This is the edifice that was erected and constructed by a gentleman commonly known by the name of Jack," where, "This is the house that Jack built," answers our purpose better and is far more

AS a former teacher of English, the writer has found it possible to speak correct English the year round without resorting to slang or catch phrases for clarity or emphasis. There are, however, those who still maintain the latter of the following phrases is more effective:

"Mademoiselle, your charms are irresistible! I love you!"

"Gee! Kid! I'm stuck on you!" The raw "aunt" and "bath" of the middle west find strange contrast to the proper "aunt," and "bath" of Boston.

The expression of the American cowboy on leaving a casual acquaintance:

"Goodbye, I hope I shall strike you again some time," recalls the friendly retort of a visitor to the city to the street car conductor who had gotten chummy with him:

"I hope I run across you again

some time.'

"Not if I see you coming first!" "I calculate he won't show up," says the vernacular of the South-

"I presume he will not appear," says the proper New Englander. We stop (come to a standstill) at dwell) at a hotel. Why put a "chew" in "con-grat-u-late," a "jew" in "ed-u-cate," a "toot" in "in-sti-tute" (tewt), a "doo" in dew, when their proper pronunciations are more beautiful?

"That was a good take off we saw at the theatre," you say, meaning, of course, "a good imitation." The sophisticated "I will give your proposition a write up," is relieved by the unsophisticated "I will write a description of your propo-

I ET us not give the lie to "civili-zation," and let us "en-u-merate" and never "en-oo-merate:" and leave high out of "hi-poc-risy," and remember no Nile flows in "ju-ve-nil," and not forget there are four syllables in "tem-per-a-ment," and "tem-per-a-ture."

To be correct we say:

"She was en-rap-tured (tewred (Continued on page 160)

Glancing Through Brief Summary of Magazine Articles*

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

This Way Up

By MARGARET NORRIS

(Collier's for Oct. 24, 1931)

HIS article is written with the thought of encouraging among young women the analysis of talents and vocations which will "keep square pegs out of round holes." The author cites an illustra-The author cites an illustration in which a woman in a real estate firm, where she was rapidly rising, explained that her method of finding the work she liked was purely "trial and error." By fumbling through several vocational attempts, and quitting because of boredom or by request of the manager, she happened into real estate, and liked it. Her experience was similar to that of many other women who, now prominent in one field of endeavor, had first been tried out in a number of others. Occasionally one comes into view who, having chosen a profession in early life, has devoted years to it, but such cases are exceptional. women have to hunt to find the thing they like, and much of it is learned through the process of eliminating work which proves uncongenial.

For many years employment for women was considered undesirable and unladylike: but this situation has changed with other post-war changes. Today records have listed "one hundred and sixty-one vocational occupations in which women are actively engaged—in some of which they have the bulge on men." Nowadays women, having comparatively little housekeeping to do, veer toward outside interests to save them from boredom; others have to earn a living for themselves and dependents; others have a driving ambition toward accomplishment which will not be stilled. Many who are in positions of prominence and unusual remuneration, have reached them through chance and hard work. Amelia Earhart, once a social worker and a teacher, is now the president of a great flying organization; Ann Harding, a prominent screen star, was, ten years ago, a filing clerk. Chance took them out of these jobs, and determination and effort raised them high in new ones.

Harriet Houghton, a woman's vocational director of note, advises young women to choose their work as carefully as they would a husband. A few years ago a Jili-of-all-trades could make her way, but today women who specialize are the ones who get ahead. Interesting work gives the thrill of success in the doing, while incompatible work must inevitably fail.

. In the effort to assist girls in discovering their interests and talents, the "American Woman's Association" has arranged a number of guiding questions which one trying to find herself, vocationally, might ask to her own advantage, and that of employers.

The first one is: Am I smart enough for this job? Some professions require unusual intelligence, without which a girl is entirely unfit for them. Law, medicine, architecture are examples of this type.

The second question: Am I strong enough? A girl reporter or physician, bondsaleswoman, real-estate, insurance agent, movie star, dancer or concert singer must be able to stand terrific physical strain. Weaker girls would do better in an office, at a desk.

do better in an office, at a desk. Question No. 3: Will I enjoy the work? Am I temperamentally fitted for it?



Question No. 4: How about the wanderlust? If I like to go about from place to place, I will not be happy in a schoolroom or at an office job. I want to travel, and should find work which calls for a change of locality.

Of course many girls needing money immediately, cannot sit around and wait indefinitely to find compatible work; but they can take a job which offers itself, and then keep an eye open for the thing they most desire. It is only fair to themselves and their employers to find work they love. Mediocrity and failure usually follow the situation of a square peg in a round hole.

At a conference of vocational workers it was agreed that there are three requisites to success in any line—the three being summed up in Benjamin Franklin's three "T's": industry, intelligence, integrity.

A Visit with the "Mormons"

By CURT BRAUER
(Translated from the German by
Kemmie Bagley)

(Dr. Brauer, a graduate engineer, and Architect of the Educational Council and Architect of the State Agricultural College in Wuppertal-Barmen, visited Salt Lake City, in company with his two brothers. The following is a condensation of an address delivered by him and published in the "Millennal Star".)

MR. BRAUER begins his series of interesting comments and observations regarding the people of Utah, with the statement that for thirty-seven years following his first visit to the United States, he had held prejudices aroused during that visit by the people who spoke contemptuously and with ill-feeling of the Mormons, in Utah. His second trip to the country found him soon surfeited with the sameness of the eastern portion-a giant cauldron bubbling with humanity engaged in a frenzied search for the dollar. "Time is Money," the Americans cry, and truly does the national picture prove their belief in the statement; but where, where in America is the true wealth-where is leisure; where is the peace sought by the Hindu poet, Tagore?

^{*}Used with permission.

He recalls having seen, thirty-seven years before, a civilization-map of America, on which the "enlightened" states of the country were distinctly indicated, and Utah was designated as a dark, evil, half-civilized place. To the solitudes of the western heathen land Mr. Brauer and his brothers turned to find rest. One of the 40,000 Chicago policemen showed them the way to the railway station, and their journey began. On the way, they read certain recorded information about the Mormons, and left the train with the idea that these people were ignorant, mistaken, benighted; and above all hoodwinked by a low fellow, Joseph Smith, who had made ridiculous claims to divine guidance; and by his successor in the Priest-kingship, Brigham Young who had defeated American justice by his untimely death. "We thought," says Mr. Brauer, "this will surely bring jolly surprises!"

The first surprise was their earliest sight of a group of young Mormon people who boarded the train at Og-den. "We had imagined them, corresponding to the likeness of their leader, Brigham Young, in seamen's beards and frock coats; we had thought the women to be something like Turkish women, shy, and sly and in exotic garments. And these were people like all others; just one thing struck us agreeably: the women and girls wore no horn-rimmed spectacles, as most of the American women do. Neither were they "enameled"in no other term can one describe the disgusting use of cosmetics-as the others were. Nor did they sit prudishly and silently in a corner, but were gay and merry, full of natural grace, and were tastefully dressed."

Going into Salt Lake was another surprise—this was a wonderful, serene, peaceful, and superior city, such as they had not hitherto seen. Wide streets with well-directed traffic; and these infamous Mormons—charming, likeable people, with the reflected radiance of happiness on all their faces, in every smile.

From the roof-garden of a hotel, the Brauer brothers viewed the beauties of a once-desert land, and marveled. Trees, green fields, gardens, and back of it all, the gleaming Wasatch mountains. A beautiful landscape was their first scenic impression.

The buildings next won their interest: the Temple, upon which the Mormons worked for forty years; the Tabernacle, an unbelievable architectural achievement, brought into being with not a nail or spike, and housing the wonder-organ of the world. "We heard it play, this wonder organ. It played German, German music in never-heard perfection—Bethoven, Wagner, Grieg and Johann Sebastian Bach, the classical sacred

music of our masters—such tones of indescribable, unknown instruments, transporting us out of reality. Harmony of spheres, caroling angels, nightingale's song; softly sounding out of the infinite distance; now awakening, deep and full coming nearer; whole orchestras of trumpets. Violins, cellos, bass horns, flutes. Was this music, that cannot be described, but only lived, the emotional expression of a people enthralled by a mad fancy? What kind of a people is this, that needs such a hall and such music for its daily edification?"

And here it was, at this moment, that the web of falsehood which had been thrown about this people, be-

came threadbare.

Mr. Brauer continues to explain the truths which he found out concerning Brigham Young, Joseph Smith, and the Mormon people. He tells of the miracle of the Seagulls, sent, as they were, to deliver the persecuted people from the plague of crickets. He tells of the arts and sciences of the Mormons, of their educational, cultural, artistic ideals, and the ways in which these ideals have been realized. He declares that only work can speak of worth, and by the work of the Mormons, he and his brothers learned their worth. The picture which they had first had of these people appeared now



To The Swan

By Helen Van Cott

O^H Swan!—in all your harmony of white —
What divine symphony do you hold imprisoned?

What crying note; what joyous song has been stilled

What unknown voice is given the power To seal—to render mute such ecstacy? Oh the mystery of the melody unheard!

Oh Bird!—If only to hear that dying living—music,

Then notes more divine might 1 hear and understand!

in a radically different light. The land was peaceful; its inhabitants bearers of inward culture. "Here in the land of the 'Mormons' as in no other place, is peace and leisure—the real wealth of a Rabndranath Tagore."

To the "Mormons" in Germany, he extended a hearty welcome, and concluded "In loyal and thoughtful veneration of your forebears, you have erected a marble roof, supported by noble Grecian pillars, over the first log cabin of the settlement. Even more impressive is the monument that you have erected in the hearts of three brothers, who have received imperishable impressions of your great deeds of culture, and who, before your depreligion, so manifest in your works, bow their heads in silent reverence."

A The Skilful Use of English—Continued from page 158

not choord) with the scene."
"His fa-mil-i-ar-i-ty (fa-mil-yar-i-ty) was obnoxious." "He was cov-et-ous (tus not chus) of the cou-pons (koo not kew) but was too cour-te-ous (kur not core) to ask for them."

Have you ever tried eliminating the modifying adverbs, "very, very," leaving your sentence to stand out clearly alone, "That was good?" Similarly, have you familiarized yourself with the meaning of the words "wonderful," and "grand," and do you always use these words with caution born of a desire to give just the right shade of meaning?

The most ungrammatical sentence ever uttered, "Is them sheeps yourn?" is euphoniously substituted by the correct, "Are those sheep yours?"

Col-umn (Kol'-um, never Kolyum nor Kolume) does not find a comparison in volume, which is properly "ume" at the end.

Learn to place every word where it belongs in a sentence:

"She was going only to the store," means she was going to the store and nowhere else.

"She only went to the store," means she and no one else went to the store.

"She went to the store only," has the same meaning as the first sentence.

"My only object is to warn you," means the object I have is to warn you.

"My object is to warn you only," means to warn you alone and not some one else.



New Year's Bells

Bu L. E. Flack

NEW YEAR'S EVE and New Year's bells a ringing in the air;
Evergreen and mistletoe scattered everywhere.

Laughter ringing soft and clear before the hearth fire's glow;

Lilting songs of carolers far across the snow.

Icy figures on the panes; the sweep of

snowy breeze;
Every ranch a wealth of white when
winter robes the trees.

Bells of New Year, how they swell, like a stream of gold;

All the beauty of the new, the mem'ries of the old.

of the old.
Ringing out the year that's gone, the
year we bid adieu;

Ringing in, with joyous hopes, the coming of the new!

A British War Cemetery in France

By John Russell Talmage

(Suggested in part by a thought expressed by Rupert Brooke to the effect that should he die while abroad the little spot of earth where he would be buried thenceforth "should be forever England.")

R^{OW} upon row the headstones white in stately file
Stand proudly, in mute eloquence,

above the dead,
While on the ground the verdant turf of

England's isle Is spread, a blanket, o'er their final bed.

Far, far from home these valiant sons of Britain lie

Interred in their immortal battle-ground
Where long they fought for freedom—and
did die

To save the future world from War's harsh sound.

From England far? Aye, but this square of green

So like some meadow lane or country bower,

So eloquent of England! Surely it must seem

That ye, ye honored dead, have that same power

Possessed by your young bard:
that where ye sleep
In foreign soil is by your

presence changed,
Altered somehow, by subtle
power of mystery deep,

power of mystery deep, To be a part of England's vast domain

Now and forever more. So you may rest

At home, and dream of wellknown sights and sounds— Of leafy poplar trees where robins nest,

Of flowery lanes where England's rose abounds. And then, in autumn, every year when first the leaves Begin to fall, and chill winds blow

and bring
A hint of snow, and sparrows' nests
beneath the eaves

Are once more left deserted until spring,

Then feathered hosts which southward fly to warmer climes Shall pause, as they cross France, and

settle down
A moment on your graves and sing of olden times.

olden times,

Of the England that you know, of
her renown

Which you so magnified; and e'er they fly away

Shall sing a newer song, to tell you, too,

Of the summer past, how England is today:
Still green, still beautiful, and still

First Kiss

remembers you.

By Christie Lund

K ISSED before? My memory replies:
"A dozen times or more."
But my throbbing, singing heart denies:
"No, not ever . . really . . kissed before."

Winter Mountain

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

SILENT, as if the shadowed ages gone Had passed thee by and sealed thy tongue:

Placid, as if the snows of long forgotten storms

Had swept thee by and left their whitened forms; Calm, as if the hands of stalwart giant

gods Had set thy regal summit in the clouds!

And yet I know a mask is on thy face, For when the leafy lutes of April lace A rain-washed lattice in the aspen shade, Thy brooks shall sing a throbbing song

made
Intricate by ledge and crag of shining
rock—

And all who listen then shall hear a mountain talk!

Rosary

By Florence Hartman Townsend

UPON bright threads of happiness I string my hours with you, Each one a precious bead of love And life . . . when both were new.

And if you go away, my dear,
When youth and spring have gone,
I still shall have a rosary . . .
With beads of memory on.

My Home in Canada

I LOVE the boundless prairies as the sailor loves the foam;
I love the hills and coules of my wild Canadian home.

Would you give true joy of living to my soul forevermore,

Give me then the open prairies where the haughty eagles soar;

Where the sunshine is the brightest, and the river's song is sweet, And the breezes wave the long green grass in billows at my feet;

Where the meadow-larks rise up with song at breaking of the day; And on his mound the prairie-dog: his chirping sound is gay.

Here on moonlit summer evenings a calm radiance bathes the land From low, dark East to where the silhouetted Rockies stand.

Give me just an old sea-ballad, and an untamed, restless steed, And the open, open prairie for the freedom of my speed.

I can hear the rhythmic hoof-beats of my charger on the sod, And an answering thythm lifts my soul to the excessive joy of God!

As the eagle loves its eyrie, as the mustang loves its band,

As the coyote loves the prairie, so I love this Northern land.

Stature

By Veneta L. Nielsen

S HE skips along the street, Her laughter Lighter than the songs of birds,— And sings a formless melody Of theme-defying words. And I, Who walk beside her,

Who walk beside her, Step slow, Decorously,

And those who see us never know I have more happiness







Mrs. Deslie L. Anderson Zion Park Stake

HONOR COLUMN
100% STAKES

Moapa	1589
Curlew	1339
Kanab	1189
Maricopa	1139
Taylor	1099
San Francisco	107%
Lyman	1079
Alberta	1019
Cache	1019
Zion Park	1009
Pocatello	
Union	
Bear Lake	1009
Logan	1009
Oneida	100%
South Sanpete	100%



Homer Englestead Zion Park Stake

Leadership vs.

The results received during the past month from the Improvement Eracampaign have been most encouraging. Alberta, Cache, Lyman, Zion Park, Pocatello, Union, Bear Lake, Logan, Oncida and South Sanpete stakes have been reported over the top. Seventy per cent of all the stakes in the Church have sent in more than fifty per cent of their quotas. Two hundred and sixty wards have already been reported over the top and have received their rebate checks. Most of these have gone far beyond their quotas, such as Las Vegas Ward of Moapa Stake which has 313%.





Carl C. Christensen Pocatello Stake



S. N. Daniels Cache Stake

and Springdale Ward of Zion Park Stake which has reported the Era in every home.

Big Horn. Montpelier. Woodruff. Franklin, Kolob, South Davis, San Juan. Teton and Morgan stakes are over eighty per cent of their quotas. Yellowstone, Deseret, St. Johns, St. Joseph, Ensign. Lehi. Portneuf, South Sevier, Idaho Falls, Ogden. Snowflake, Hyrum and Timpanogos stakes are over seventy per cent. Rigby. Wasatch, Star Valley, Uintab. North Davis, Raft River, Palmyra, Utah, Juarez, Alpine, Lethbridge, Nevada, East



Mrs. Jennie T. Swainston Oneida Stake

Pocatello Stake; Heber J. Jensen, Alberta Stake; Mrs. Julia Hiatt, Union Stake; Ruth Simpson, Logan Stake; Mrs. Margaret J. James and Lyman Fearn, Lyman Stake; Vilate Jacobsen and J. S. Christensen, of South Sanpete Stake were not

READ THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Its contents will furnish you with inspiration and encouragement. It is the
magazine for every home. Its aim and
object is to make real Latter-day Saints
of its readers. Its distribution furnishes a
missionary service as vital as any, at home

available for this issue.

or abroad.

Hard Times



Miss Virginia Daniels Cache Stake

Jordan, Sevier, Boise, Juab, Mt. Ogden. North Weber and St. George stakes are over sixty per cent. Fremont, Malad. Los Angeles. West Jordan, Box Elder. Summit, Benson, Bannock, Hollywood, San Luis, Sharon. Panguitch, Bear River and Garfield stakes are over fifty per cent.

The subscriptions to the Improvement Era are running far ahead of those received last year. Success is only won by the very highest order of leadership. The problem this year is one of leadership vs. hard times. It is being well met.

Photographs of Magdalen Sessions,



Thomas F. Green Bear Lake Stake



Mrs. Iretta T. Passey Bear Lake Stake



Wallace Secrist Logan Stake

LEADING STAKES IN THE NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

DODSCRIP HONS	
Ensign	600
Liberty	554
Ogden	485
Utah	469
Logan	463
Pocatello	446
Cache	432
Maricopa	423
Calif. Mission	411
Grant	391
Idaho Falls	370
Granite	357
Box Elder	357
South Davis	350
North Davis	350
Salt Lake	337
Moapa	331
Mt. Ogden	
St. Joseph	327
No. Weber	302
Fremont	
Oneida	302



M. W. Hendricks Oneida Stake



Elmo Clegg Union Stake

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A On the Great Salt Lake-

who was recovering from very serious illness, he gave the regions nearest the settlements, which at the time were Great Salt Lake City, Tooele, Provo, Payson, Farmington, and Ogden, all flourishing communities today. Mr. Carrington seldom had to work alone with his party except when near his depot.

FOR the survey the Captain constructed a yawl and a skiff, the former to tow the latter which was for landing in shallow places. On the yawl the Captain painted the name, "Salicornia," which he explained to his men meant "Flower of Salt Lake." They promptly called her "Sally."

For all the grandeur of the present lake, it is but a small part of the huge body of water that once was here, called Lake Bonneville. Grove Karl Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, named it thus in his exhaustive report of 1890. It was-and is-easy to see where the old lake was at its highest levels, and all its succeeding levels, by the benches worn on the mountains. A traveler on a train can do so. At its highest it was one thousand feet deeper than the lake now, and it covered almost twenty thousand square miles, instead of the three thousand square miles or so at present.

There are a few other, smaller lakes in the bottom of the Great Basin left over from Bonneville. Utah Lake, having an outlet, has remained fresh water. Great Salt Lake, on the other hand, having no outlet, has turned salt. The only way out for its water is through evaporation, which in this desert country is abnormally high.

Now, however, we return to what the modern sportsman on Great Salt Lake discovers.

BESIDES a certain wee kind of shrimps in the water, along the edges of the islands, at waterline, are tiny sand flies. They cover the rocks till they are black. Yet since they do not fly, only hover, they stay but along the edge. Thus the people landing on an island have only to walk twenty feet back from the water to picnic or camp quite unmolested by them. The only bad feature is that they some-

times get into the boats, where they ride some distance at times before being blown away. These tiny flies, however, do not bite, can annoy only by their presence. They constitute the main food supply for our myriads of seagulls, which early each morning flock along the water line of the beaches devouring them.

Fresh water from the few streams entering the lake does not mix with the salt water until made to do so by the wind and waves. When the surface is quiet, the fresh water—off the mouths of such streams—simply floats in a layer on top. Thus the suggestion that Bear River Bay be impounded from the main part of the lake, so that fresh water from the great Bear River can make it only as salt as the ocean, in order that mussels and other sea life might be raised there, probably would not work.

In winter, pieces of ice from these layers of fresh water sometimes float around the lake. An unwary boatman, with a wood boat, can readily puncture and sink his craft on such ice.

Around the lake are encountered broad paths of floating foam. The inexperienced boatman generally suspects shoals, quite wrongly. The waves along the shoreline, whether on mainland or island, create that froth. When the wind changes to offshore, it moves out into the lake.

The water, crystal clear, shows the bottom under several feet.

IN this mountain region, as summer wears on, the atmosphere becomes hazier and hazier. Up through June, from the lake this haze remains almost unnoticeable, afterwards becoming more and more pronounced, till by very late fall it not only renders distant peaks indistinct, and finally obscures them, but descends upon the lake itself, becoming practically a fog.

We also have on this lake the breeze line, that heavy line, looking black, which stretches across the water ahead, frequently appearing as high as a railroad embankment—it approaches and disappears. Optical illusions are many and varied. Distant islands

often seem to be standing well above the water, with sky underneath them. Upon hot days people along the shores will take on the most grotesque and ludicrous forms.

On the north shore is a vast bed of asphaltum, which extends out under the lake.

From the lake bottom, at various points, comes up a substance resembling in many respects the medicinal base" Ichthyol."

Utah is probably one of the most heavily mineralized regions in the world. The lake is the drainage receptacle for a large part of it. Accordingly the water is heavily mineralized. Some claim that, so varied in its constituent parts is it, a complete analysis bas never been made. The analyses existing show the presence of chlorine, soda, magnesia, potassia, sul-phate, calcium, some lithia, a trace of bromine. While aluminum and iron oxides and silica are known to be in it, the amount of each is impossible of being determined in solution, since the sand in the lake is calcium carbonate, keeping the water slightly alkaline. Salinity has run as high as twenty-seven per cent.

THIS heavy salinity makes a boat ride very much higher on the water than elsewhere. Besides, it makes for certain operating difficulties. Pumps do not last. Then, since it does not cool as quickly as fresh or more moderately salty water, motors are more prone to heat. Yet if a motor is exposed, and spray finds its way to it, the motor will stop from the moisture, the same as it would anywhere. The corrosion from such briny water in the cooling system does not seem to affect the life of a motor noticeably; the motor itself apparently wears out first.

Some think that such heavy water makes a boat slower. Expert opinion, though, believes that it should make a boat faster, due to the greater buoyancy of the water and the greater grip the propeller has on it, making for reduced slippage. Indeed, the experts are of the opinion that many World's Records could be made on Great Salt Lake.

The effect of the altitude, around four thousand two hundred feet above sea level, on speed is, of course, undetermined—it should not be much.

What the boatbuilder should do, however, is to design his boat to displace the very least amount of water possible.

THERE is more than just plain salt in this water. There are in it something akin to epsom salts. In winter, when it is cold, the salts separate from the water, and float under the surface in granular form. A friend of mine reached down, got a handful, and ate it—and those grains did all to him that epsom salts can promise. As a matter of fact, years ago French capital built on Antelope Island a plant to produce epsom salts, but it never went into oper-

ation. In winter, along the shore of the island, back from six to offteen feet from waterline, is what looks like ice. Investigation will show it to be epsom salts thrown up by the waves.

Except along the main shoreline, the lake is deep enough. Some prominent people claim great depths. A local real estate man claims that seven miles south of the Southern Pacific cut-off, in the middle, he let down an anchor four hundred feet and it did not touch bottom until his boat drifted about two miles. One of our leading boatmen also claims that between Stansbury Island and Antelope Island, which are fourteen miles apart, he let down an anchor on a chain one hundred and twenty feet and did not touch bottom. However, the deepest official reading has been forty-nine feet.

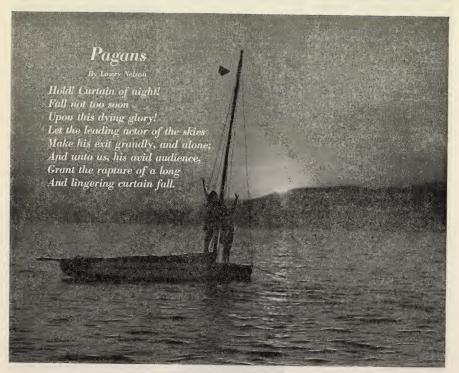
IN a mountainous country, one might think it strange if there were not valleys in the lake bottom. Our sand, however, is generally round in shape: it quickly rolls into any declivity. When we tried to dynamite a channel to our boat pier we failed, for the sand merely rolled back into the channel again.

The bottom, and most of the

shoreline, is sand.

Fortunately, the Southern Pacific cut-off is built so that, except in high water periods, even sailboats can go underneath it in a few places.

AT the southeast end of the lake, at a point nearest to Salt Lake City, is the famous bathing and dancing resort of Saltair. The pavilion is out over the water. That was easy to do. This end of the lake is underlain—three feet below



On Utah Lake

the top of the sand-by a great deposit of soda, too hard to be dented. Practically the only way to get anything into it is by the use of live steam. A pipe put down with steam quickly punches a hole in it, however, into which a piling can be placed. As soon as the steam is withdrawn, then the soda immediately closes in with a grip that is unshakable. That piling can never be budged, after that, without the re-application of steam. This soda is not to be found elsewhere around the lake, moreover. In building their railway cut-off, far to the north, the Southern Pacific did not encounter any. Even at Black Rock, a few miles to the west, it is said not to occur.

IN this year of 1931, however, the lake is low. For the first time in twenty-six years the sand is showing between Antelope Island and the east shore. It has been fifteen feet higher than now. Nevertheless it is still almost two feet above its historic lows of 1902 and 1905. Indeed, since the lows of 1905, the lake has been up nine feet above the present level.

The only boating facilities are at Saltair. So low is the lake that, this fall, there is practically no water around the boat pier. Along it where the boats are supposed to be put in and taken out of the water, there is, actually, no water, only sand! This may well militate against continued boating on the lake.

However, on the south shore to the west, but scarcely eight miles farther from Salt Lake City than Saltair (which is eighteen miles from the City) is Black Rock, soon to be connected to the center of town by a fine cement highway. Water there has always been deep, still is. It stays deep right up within three hundred feet of shore; yet the location also enjoys a particularly fine swimming beach. Black Rock is along the main lines of the Union Pacific (Los Angeles and Salt Lake) and Western Pacific railways.

Sometime, someone will build a boat dock there, good for all time, and some bath houses, too. Nevertheless, this is easier said than done.

In the easterly direction from

Black Rock the water is too shallow for boats to come in, and remains that way past Saltair clear to Farmington and beyond. It is now so shallow that one can wade from the southeast shore out to Antelope Island. Indeed, it may come to pass, that Antelope Island will be connected to the shore by a raised road, and a great resort will be on that island.

THE Salt Lake Yacht Club numbers at present seventy active members, both motorboatmen and windjammers. The majority of the member are young fellows with their ways yet to make, so dues have to be kept exceedingly reasonable. At the head of the club are these fine men, struggling to keep alive this healthful sport. They are Andy Olsen, Commodore; Emil Johnson, Vice Commodore; Thomas J. Holland, Rear Commodore, all of Salt Lake City.

Boats are generally small. When the owner wants to go for a long trip on the lake, he ships some cans or a drum of gasoline by railroad to Promontory Point, where he can pick up a new supply when he needs it to come home. He must also carry plenty of palatable water with him. Stalling on this large body of salt water can be bad where plenty to drink has not been brought.

Some of the fellows here even make anchors of salt. They compress it, and the resultant anchors seem to be unbreakable and are excellent for permanent anchorage. Instead of being eaten by the salt water, they may even grow a little.

There are only three important streams flowing into the lake, Bear



River, Jordan River, and Weber River. The last enters the lake a little south of Ogden. Bear rises in Utah, to flow northerly into Wyoming, then into Idaho, finally to turn south and, touching Bear Lake, lying both in Idaho and Utah, down into Utah again to enter the Great Salt Lake at a point on upper Bear River Bay almost opposite its beginning, and not many miles distant. The Jordan River, as such, begins in Utah Lake and flows into Great Salt Lake northwest of Salt Lake City. Time was when boats from the lake could come up the Jordan, and be kept in the river only a few miles west of the town. That is not the case now. The lake is too shallow along the south shore for boats to approach the mouth of the Jordan. Besides, the duck clubs in the marshes west of the city have diverted so much water from the river, to make their marshes bigger, that it is doubtful if, even when the lake does come up, the stream can sweep enough channel into the lake ever again to admit boats. The Jordan, on the other hand, makes good canoeing. One can paddle from Great Salt Lake to Utah Lake with but two or three little portages. There is a canoe club on the river, called the Whittakers'.

In the West almost any stream too large to jump across is a river.

THOUGH the writer is a green motorboatman, he went out for two days and a night on the lake in a sailboat. The sailboat had a "kicker" on it, a little outboard motor, which came in handy a few times during the days, but not at night.

How beautiful was that night, as we bowled along under a brisk night wind! Our desert sky was filled almost too full with bright stars. Back and forth, back and forth, under the stars swung the top of the mast. We also had a good moon. I was surprised that one could see the islands clearly thirty-five miles away-in black silhouette, of course. Another sail boat accompanying us was also in black silhouette. The wind had made the waves high. Our heavy water causes the waves to froth on top. Thus the moon was shining across the black water ridged everywhere in moving white.

A Moved--- Left No Address

Continued from page 154

under his coat, began to strum it lightly, and looking up at the stars, started to sing Christmas songs to his own accompaniment, and solely for his own amusement.

And then another strange thing happened. As Tom shuffled slowly along, singing to the stars, a window of one of the cheerful, homely houses flew open, and out popped a little gray head. The skin of the face was gray and seamed all over with little wrinkles; the fringe of hair around it was gray, and out from behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles peered two gray eyes. The face stared at Tom for several minutes. quite without his knowing itfor Tom was looking at the stars, you know. As it stared, its mouth dropped open and its eyes grew very big behind the horn-rimmed spectacles. Then it popped back inside again and shouted something like, "Oh, Maria, come and look! And a moment later, another little gray head appeared, but this one was a woman's head, and did not

wear horn-rimmed spectacles, and the eyes were all puckery around the corners, and the face was rosytinted from bending over the This face also kitchen stove. stared at Tom for several minutes, and its mouth also dropped open, and its eyes opened so wide that the little puckers at the corners almost disappeared. And then it popped back inside again, and just one second later the front door of the house flew open, and out came both little gray heads-with bodies attached, of course-crying, "Tom! Tom!" and laughing and weeping both at once, and acting generally even more excited than the Christmas spirit justifies.

And what did Tom do? Why, he just dropped his mandolin on the frozen road and held out both arms and grabbed the little old man and the little old woman and hugged them both close to him. and laughed a lot himself-and cried a little, too,-and kissed them both a most astonishing number of times: for the little old

man and the little old woman were -of course-Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Tucker.

A FEW minutes later, Tom was standing before a roaring hearth-fire inside the cheerful, homely house, eating Christmas pop corn and telling his father and mother that he had been all over Ilinois searching for them.

"Illinois?" said Ezra Tucker, munching a mouthful of pop corn. "Why, who told you we were in Illinois? We moved down here to Uncle Toby's farm when he died; that's all.

"But why didn't you write?" asked Mrs. Tucker, looking at Tom with the little puckery eyes all wistful.

"I did," said Tom, "but the letter came back." And so saying, he reached into his inside coat pocket and drew out a dirty, crumpled envelope, still unopened, across the face of which, in faded red letters, were the words, "Moved-Left No Address."

Foot Ball Warriors, University of Utah

Five times champions of the Rocky Mountain Conference during the six years Coach Ike Armstrong has been in charge.



Front Row-Coombs, Mgr.; Sleater, hb; McDonald, hb; Hartenstein, qb; Bischoff, qb; Guhin, qb; Aldous, qb;

rom none—Coomos, mgr.; Sieuter, no; mcDomata, no; narienstein, qo; Bischoy, qo; Gunin, qo; Ataons, qo; Reading, e; Luce, g; Ferguson, g; Smolka, g; Wissmar, Mgr. Second Row—Leary, Mgr.; McDonald, c; Welch, g; I decesco, qb; Beckstead, fb; Richins, hb; Fetzer, hb; Christensen, Capi.; fb; Westphal, hb; Elliot, hb; Sonne, e; Tucker, e; Davies, e; Chez, g; Couch, Asst. Coach. Third Rove—Armstrong, Coach; Nielsen, Trainer; Croft, g; R. Larsen, g; Stephens, c; Rose, g; Woods, fb; Showell, g; Buehner, hb; Knight, e; Pusey, e; Day, e; Allen, hb; Peterson, Asst. Coach.

Back Rove—Moss, g; Clark, e; Howard, t, c; Ostler, t; Carlston, e; C. Larsen, g; Johnson, t; Walling, t; Bridge, c; Moon, g; Hunt, hb; Blicksenderfer, hb.

AThe Written Word-

that it had not been committed to writing, as it might have been, for hers was a gifted utterance of which she had little appreciation.

"I marvel at your rugged life, grandma. Have the young people of today the strength to live as superbly as you have done?"

superbly as you have done?"
"Yes," she replied feebly in
quaint Scotch accent, "they have
the strength, but they no have the
will." It was a reply that might
have come straight from Sir Walter
Scott or J. M. Barrie.

Students in my writing class at college often choose to write the biography of their father or mother. A laudable desire is this but how much better to have had an autobiography, written while the living heart was warm. Mistakes might have been aplenty, technical errors of sentence structure and spelling, but the soul would have been there in recompense.

A FAMOUS Viennese doctor lay dying. He had amassed considerable property and his heirs were eagerly gathered about his bedside. His dying words, however, were not about the disposition of lands but rather about a book which he was leaving as a

legacy, a volume containing the wisdom that the years had distilled for him. He passed away and the book was opened only to reveal all the pages blank save one in the middle, upon which were written the following words: "Keep the head cool, the bowels open, the feet warm." The Alpha and Omega of health, a medical course in a nutshell. Brevity is the soul not only of wit but of wisdom. This doctor knew the power of the written word as a legacy.

Says Browning, there never is a lost good. The high note that we can not quite maintain, has been heard by God and we shall hear it bye and bye. If it has been so heard by Him why write it down? For the sake of us poor bound-ins who have not heard the note. Those who do not record the essence of the years are, for us, masters of life. We need the light of their words on our paths.

ON my writing table lies "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to
His Children." Why should they
be cast into book form for the public? Why has the volume sold so
liberally? Because each letter is
stamped with the strong person-

ality of Roosevelt. Readers bask in the sunshine of a unique family relationship. When Teddy wrote a letter to a friend or to one of his own children he glowed like a June rose. Time stood still. That moment was all. He and Kermit, Ted, or Ethel, were for the time being alone in eternity.

Letter writing. What an opportunity for the printed word. Not that we could be Roosevelts, Cowpers, Lincolns, or Lord Chesterfields as letter writers and publish deathless books as did they. Fame's laurels may not be for us, but I submit there are lower rungs of the ladder that are altogether desirable.

What a mother I've got! What a pal in dad! I'm filing a way every letter I get from them. And a letter from sister is an experience. Such expressions come only from families who pride themselves on the written word and thereby are bound each to each and all to each. Reverting to the matter of book publishing I hazard the assertion that everyone should be the author of three books, these to be privately distributed. They are a diary, a collection of letters, and an autobiography.

ABeauty in the Home

so as to give comfort and an impression of liveableness instead of the scattered, unsociable effect often seen.

In the first place, furniture should be grouped according to its use. The main lines of each group should be placed to conform to the structural lines of the room. The furniture and decorative objects should be so arranged in the room that the eye will be carried toward a center of interest or emphasis where the eye should remain at rest. In a living room, the fire-place is the favorite spot especially during the winter days and evenings. In the absence of a fire-place the bookcase may be the most attractive spot in the room, if so, then it should serve as the center of interest. Or again, a group of windows or even one window, which affords a wonderful view of a hill, a strip of meadow, a stream of water, or even a beautiful tree, may serve as the center of interest and the eye should be led there by furniture arrangement.

In the case of a small apartment room containing no architectural center of interest such as a fire-place, a bookcase, or a window with an interesting view, a center of interest can be created by emphasizing the sofa. a chest of drawers or even a radio cabinet. This is accomplished by the



Continued from page 156

hanging of a picture or a group of pictures, or even a wall hanging of simple India-print, above the piece of furniture. If the space permits the addition of a chair or two near by with an end table and a simple lamp or even a floor lamp, these all help to make for a center of interest or emphasis in the room.

A certain degree of order and liveableness is desirable in every room; this effect may be secured through the following summary:

 Every room should contain some related movement known as rhythm.

2. Rhythmic movement should lead the eye to a center of interest generally referred to as emphasis.

3. Care must be exercised to create the right amount of rhythm in a room.

4. The walls and floors are the background of a room and should suggest plain or nearly plain surfaces.

5. Furniture, pictures and accessories should be arranged in such a way as to create rhythmic lines which lead to a center of interest where the eye will be at rest for some time. A

room that is skillfully and invitingly arranged has ease and welcome grace of manner. Rhythm and emphasis are factors which contribute greatly to such an arrangement.

THIS test is given in the form of an objective test. If you think the statement is true, draw a circle around T; if you think the statement false,

draw a circle around F.

1. T. F. Pictures should be hung in stair-step fashion because it produces

2. T. F. Wall paper with bold diagonal stripes are desirable because they are restful.

3. T. F. If the rug and wall paper contain much design, then the upholstery and window draperies

should be void of design.
4. T. F. If objects are arranged on the mantle or bookcase, they should not measure the same height.

5. T. F. A rug with beautiful texture and a mere suggestion of design is better than one with a great amount

6. T. F. A room containing furniture which shows all straight lines is better than one wherein both straight

and curved lines are to be seen. 7. T. F. Too many curved lines

in furniture produce restlessness. 8. T. F. A chair to be comfortable should be void of all curves.

9. T. F. A knowledge of the principles of rhythm is not necessary in

order to arrange the furniture in a

10. T. F. Rhythm and emphasis are necessary in every room where beauty is obtained.

Answer to December Test:

1. Yes. 6. No. 2. Yes. 7. Yes. 3. Yes. 8. No. 4. No. 9. Yes. 5. Yes. 10. Yes.

An error occurred in the Dec. answers to the objective test for Nov. No. 3 was marked "F," and should have been "T."

Note: Photographs of homes in the December Era were by courtesy of Hogle Investment Company.

Continued from page 157

A That Elusive Thing Called Charm

presses charm. Sir Walter Raleigh thought not of himself, but only of the comfort of his sovereign when he threw down his cloak for her to walk upon.

WE should take life and work seriously-but not ourselves. Being able to laugh at oneself is a saving grace.

"To understand all is to forgive all." We can't have an ugly critical state of mind and attract friendships. We should hate and despise sin, but we must separate the sin from the sinner. We may dislike John because the bad habit of always being late has fastened itself upon him, but remember this bad habit isn't all there is of John. It is selfish and reflects lack of consideration of others, but since our characters are the sum totals of our habit systems, why not help John to make a correction in his habit system? Then, too, we may have acquired a habit which is hard for John to bear. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" is a petition that should be made daily and with great humility of spirit.

TRAIT of character which will help us to be placed on the list of Charming People is that of being a good listener. Giving strict attention to the person speaking is not only the courteous thing, but also a help-ful thing to do. When we give undivided attention the speaker is not only better able to express himself, but he is also "lifted up" and made to feel that he is of some importance in our world. As for the listener remember that an attitude of deep interest, of rapt attention, of expectancy, is always a charming one. Notice George Arliss on the stage or screen when some one is speaking to him.

Personal habits go a long way in making or marring charm. Fidgety manners, such as rubbing the face, smoothing the hair, or fussing with privacy of our room, give careful athair and our apparel,-and then for-

the clothing, betrays an inward confusion. Proper grooming and correct attire give a sense of security and well being, therefore we should, in the tention to our nails, our teeth, our get our appearance.

E ASE of movement and correct post-ure aid us in expressing charm. We should train ourselves to stand, to walk and to sit correctly. A well bred person, does not slouch or lollnor does he pose. Most of us are not as charming as

we might be, and yet a charming personality is something which is entirely our own-it cannot be taken from us, nor can it be lost. So let us make an earnest effort to increase our charm.



Who Says It's a Hard Winter?



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, RICHARD R. LYMAN, MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary: OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A. 47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A. 33 BISHOP'S BUILDING SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A. RUTH MAY FOX, LUCY GRANT CANNON, CLARISSA A BEESLEY, General Secretary: ELSIE HOGAN

George Washington Bicentennial

ALL over the United States and in many other parts of the world, the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of George Washington will be celebrated, beginning February 22nd and extending to Thanksgiving Day 1932.

The entire country will become alive with local celebrations to give honor to the memory of our First President, the man who gave so nobly and generously of his life in winning for us our independence and the founding of

our Nation.

Latter-day Saints above all groups, believing as they do that the founding of the country and the adoption of the constitution were divine acts, should be most anxious to honor the memory of the "Father of our Coun-

The M. I. A. should be the leaders in furthering a program that will bring into every home a reverential and pa-

triotic feeling.

It is suggested that the following program be conducted within and by our own organization and that they also cooperate with town, city and any other organizations interested in furthering a community expression during the nine months of celebra-

1. Washington Birthday Ball February 2. Sunday Evening Service. _March (See Feb. Era) 3. Pageant 4. Tree Planting Ceremonial. ...May 5. George Washington Drama Evening . 6. Fourth of July Celebration ___ July

A detailed suggestive program covering the first event is published herein. Details of the remaining program will be published later. Special Features:

(A) Cocked hat and Martha Washington Bonnet (made out of paper) Buff and blue are the colors suggested for the celebration.

(B) Dancing of the Minuet-This is to be done by a special group in costume or by the whole party.

If done by the whole party the following steps could be directed by a competent leader.

MINUET

Partners join inside hands and face around the room in line of direction.

I .- Take three steps beginning with inside foot. Repeat beginning with outside foot. Walk three steps and turn to partner and bow.

II-Facing partner, give right hand. Step forward toward partner on the right foot, bring the left foot up to the right and rise on toes. Step backward on left foot, point right foot Repeat forward and bow slightly. twice and finish with a deep bow. Repeat all as long as desired.

(C) Grand March, finish the march by forming the letter W. In this position sing one verse of "America."

(D) Virginia Reel-French Reel or French Four. Draw for partners for this dance. At the time couples enter the hall give the lady a paper cherry and the boy a paper hatchet. Have them numbered. The boy must find his partner by finding the girl who has the same numbered cherry as his hatchet.

(E) Refreshments. Cherry punch, wafers with icing, cherries and hatch-

(F) Decoration. Flags, red, white and blue bunting and crepe paper. The ceiling effect may carry out the idea of cherries and hatchets.

Sunday Evening Joint Program

General theme: The Doctrine of Free Agency.

1. Preliminary Exercises.

2. Presentation of Slogan.

3. Introduction of theme by pre-

siding officer.
4. Singing the first verses of the hymn beginning, "Know this that every Soul is Free."

5. Twenty minute sermon on Free

Agency.

a. Pre-mortal free agency.

b. Mortal free agency.

c. Immortal free agency. References: Doctrine and Covenants: 29:35, 36, 40; 58:27, 38; 93:31; 101:78.

Compendium pages 285, 288. Rational conclusions.

Free agency and responsibility can not exist apart. They are complements of each other. A free agency that seeks a divorce from responsibility is doomed

Free agency is inseparably linked to The higher the law the greater berty. The lower the law the the liberty. less the liberty.

The abuse of free agency leads to its loss. The highest form of free will is seen in its willing subordination to a higher will.

Free agency depends on knowledge. Ignorance can not accept an opportunity. Truth is the great dispenser

The power of choice is limited to

Greetings

THE General Superintendency and General Presidency extend hearty New Year greetings to all Mutual Improvement officers and members throughout the stakes and wards and in all the mission fields. The loyal devotion and earnest efforts of the past we gratefully appreciate and, knowing the ability and faithfulness of the men and women who are carrying forward this work, we have every confidence in the achievements of the future. May 1932 be an outstanding year in Mutual Improvement activities; may every life touched by this great program be richer and fuller and may the spirit and testimony of the Gospel bring in full measure hope and gladness to all. causes. Effects cannot be chosen except through their causes. One may choose to be intemperate but he cannot choose the effect of the sin.

The end of a course can be chosen only through the choice of its beginning.

There are several kinds of Free Agency: (a) inherent-that which is co-existent with the self-existent ego or individual intelligence; (b) God given-that which came to the race through the planning of the Creator; (c) Inherited-that which comes to the children through the quality and efforts of the parents.—American birthright has in it a free agency more than equal to that of many other countries; (d) acquired-that free agency which comes through obedience to the laws of liberty, the laws of physical growth and preservation of health, the laws of intellectual progress, (couched in the one word, Study,) the laws of moral strength-(Do as you would be done by,) the laws of spiritual growth -Love God and keep His commandments, which, modernized, reads-Love the ways of the Lord and willingly work with Him.

The exchange of individual free agency for group free agency is a high form of free agency. It has marked the onward march of civilization.

Moral standards are an index to the quality of group free agency.

Evidently, Satan's plan of salvation provided against intellectual progress and moral standards.

There is no escape from the parallelism of free agency and responsibility.

Intelligence, agency, and action are the essentials of onwardness.

6 Four Minute Talks on Two Outstanding Laws of Free Agency

(a) Love grows in the direction of free will service.

In the scriptures, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is couched the truth that in choosing whom we will serve we will love. Regardless of our wishes our love will grow in the direction of our chosen service. Husband love, wife love, father love, mother love, son love, daughter love, each and all are subject to this law. Nor is the operation of this law limited to love of persons; it extends to institutions and causes. It is unescap-able and irrevokable; its reach is as wide as the mental universe and as enduring as the eternity of intelligence. Great lives are illustrative of the operations of this law. In this his birthday month, we may fittingly refer to the life of Washington: his love of country through which he gained the title, "Father of His Country," was the outgrowth of his service to it. When he went to its defense his possessions went with him; he made no mental

(Continued on page 176)

Adult Messages-

The Project

THE following is given with the idea that the method of procedure may be of assistance to other stakes in starting their project.

IN THE SALT LAKE VALLEY AND SOUTH DAVIS AREA

Nov. 12th, 1931, representatives of all the stakes and wards comprising the above mentioned area met at the Bishop's Building. Salt Lake City. A discussion on the project to be undertaken brought forth 36 suggestions which were referred to a committee consisting of one Y. M. and one Y. L. representative from each stake.

This sub-committee met Thursday, Nov. 19th, in the Bishop's Building. The suggested projects had been classified under three headings: Mental Hygiene, Civic Betterment, and Public

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley, Chairman of the Adult Committee of the General Board, stated that the General Board Committee desires the stakes to decide upon their own projects and work out ways and means of carrying them forward. In view of the facts presented at the last meeting and of opinions expressed, it seemed to him that the matter of health in the public schools was outstanding. He called for a discussion on the subject.

Proper Dental Care for School Children was presented. Dr. T. F. Hardy stated that each member of the Dental Association of Salt Lake County has proffered two hours' free service a week for school children. However, to receive such care the children must come recommended from the Community Chest.

A city school nurse explained briefly the system of nurses and medical attention in the schools of Salt Lake, Granite, East and West Jordan and So. Davis districts. It was stated that one doctor and thirteen nurses constitute the entire staff in Salt Lake. Due to the vast amount of work the nurses are able to inspect very few children above the beginners and first grade.



Other districts employ but two nurses each and no examining physician; and South Davis has only one physician.

Dr. Beeley gave statistics to show the inadequacy of facilities for mentally deficient children in Salt Lake and the entire State of Utah.

After some further discussion the motion was made and carried that "Health Work in the Public Schools" be adopted as the project for the entire year.

The suggestion was made that a committee from this group be appointed to contact the Parent Teacher's Association and other health agencies.

A committee was appointed to gather and prepare information on the subject to be presented to the stake and ward leaders at the meeting to be held Dec. 3rd, 1931.

IN MONROE NORTH WARD, SOUTH SEVIER STAKE

Mrs. Genevieve Tietjen writes under date of Oct. 28, 1931:

Our ward is planning a clean-up campaign on dry weeds, leaves, etc. We are also working with the City Council and are having the streets graded.

Last Spring the City Council offered a cash prize of \$10.00 for the cleanest ward. Our ward won. We cleaned all vacant lots and cleared the brush from the outskirts of town. All back as well as front yards had a real cleaning. With the money we bought the full reading course, which we are enjoying now.

In last Tuesday's fun night we had one hundred per cent participating. We are getting people out to Mutual who never come to any other meeting.

Class Discussion

HEALTHY discussion is stimulating for any group, and a good class is known by the quality of its discussions. However, there is always a tendency for the discussion at times to wander far afield, or to take the form of personal opinion, unfounded and untried by the school of the greater masses and modern science. The fact cannot be overlooked that one small community is not enough evidence for the proof of any truth of hu-man behavior. Thousands and millions of cases in dozens of different environments must merge to show the worth of a fundamental statement. Everyone thinks that he knows the rules of basic hygiene, yet nearly everyone has different opinions on what are commonly felt to be the fundamentals. The European peasant is sure that the night air is bad, the ultra-modern mother thinks that bare legs on her children in the middle of winter are good. It remains for us to take the evidence of the scientific study of experts and learn for ourselves. It would be impossible for each of us to prove every truth individually. We must select the best authorities we can find, and take from their findings the facts that suit our needs.

The book "How to Live" is written by Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy at Yale University, and Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, and is at present in its 18th edition. The material includes the latest findings in medicine and hygiene. In the Foreword to the first edition Disraeli is quoted as saying, "Public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of a country." The material is not theoretical, but is the result of the actual trial of several of the larger life insurance companies, to educate their policy holders, in the hope of raising the life and the health spans. The results have made the companies seem justified in spending large sums of money in preventive service to policy holders. Apparently they feel that the principles of modern hygiene are sound and effective in practice. The national government has also cooperated in the study so that the material is selected from an even larger field, and a more unselected group than the life insurance companies might be able to make. The millions of cases show the worth of right eating, right sleeping, right clothing, the care of disease, and the effect of happiness and a good mental out-look on health. The book is highly technical in character, but is written in language that the most untechnical reader can understand. To provide a more scientific aspect and to act as material for further study, the second section of the book contains a vast number of references and statistical data on the material treated in the first part of the book. With a completeneess of treatment and a basis such as this book gives there is no need for the untried personal practise and opinion of one or two individuals to dominate the discussion. Our own Word of Wisdom is in perfect accord with the proved contentions of the book. This can be kept to the fore if the attitude of looking for the scientific aspects is stressed at the beginning of the class. Accurate knowledge is at the basis of all of God's work, making the whole an orderly The scientific attitude should show this orderliness and encourage real thinking on the part of the class, drawing out genuine contributions based on the material of the text, instead of aimless ramblings.

M Men-Gleaners-

Etiquette of the Ball Room

THE suggestive M Men-Gleaner Joint Program for the month of January is "Etiquette of the Ball (See M Men Manual, p. 141; Gleaner Manual, p. 25.) Reference given is "The Right Thing at All Times," pp. 77-80. Dancing dates so far back that it is lost in antiquity. Social dancing is always popular and it offers fine opportunity for the development of culture, poise, grace and good manners. Havelock Ellis says: "Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself." The main reasons for attending dancing parties are the joy of dancing and the opportunity of social contact upon a high plane and the cultural development that beautiful surroundings and good manners provide. In the Community Activity Manual, pp. 117-122, will be found some real helps in connection with this program. After discussion of this subject, your class room may be considered a "Ball Room" for demonstration purposes. Members of the group should participate in the activities. The following is suggested:

Demonstrate:

(a) A host and hostess receiving their guests.

(b) The proper form of introduc-

(c) Proper procedure in asking a lady for a dance.
(d) A proper refusal of a lady to

dance, when asked.

(e) A young man taking leave of

his partner at the conclusion of a dance.

(f) A young man or young lady

apologizing for a forgotten dance.
(g) Have guests (members of class) take leave of host and hostess at conclusion of evening's activities.

Playlet Available

Requests have come to us for copy of the little playlet "The Right Thing at the Right Time," presented at the last June Convention in the Gleaner Department. Accordingly, mimeographed copies of this playlet are available at the Young Ladies' General Board office and will be sent upon request, without charge. However, we suggest that a most appropriate occasion for presenting this playlet is the March M Men-Gleaner Joint Program which features "Table and Dinner Etiquette."

M Men Messages-

Swimming—An M Men Activity

By CHARLES WELCH, Deseret Gym

WIMMING brings into action more Smuscles than any other activity. It develops the whole body, as well as furnishing invigorating entertainment and pleasure. But even more important than these is the fact that it is as a secure life insurance policy-a policy that one enjoys paying for on an installment-plan basis. But even if there were no other advantages than the following, it seems to me that swimming must be classified as a very important activity for the reason that it makes the swimmer safe under ordinary water conditions. Add to this the physical benefits received and the possibility of saving some poor unfortunate individual from drowning,



and we shall discover that swimming is of prime importance.

M-Men, why not think more of this important high-class activity? Several of the Salt Lake City stakes have held swimming meets for their M-Men at regular and irregular intervals. Last year Salt Lake and Ensign Stakes carried their contests to stake finals. In each stake even wards competed; both meets were very successful. Salt Lake Stake gave the same awards to winners in swimming that it gave to the successful ones in other activities. Following the stake meet, the first inter-stake M-Men swimming meet was held. Though it resolved itself into a contest between the swimmers of Salt Lake and Ensign Stakes, it proved to be a very successful under-taking. The Twenty-ninth Ward of the Salt Lake Stake won the meet by a score of forty-seven to twentyseven. However, the score does not show how closely the events were contested. Some races were won by a very small margin. Interest and en-thusiasm ran high. These two stakes have no more opportunity for swimming meets than most of the stakes in the Church. Nearly every community has a swimming pool and it is possible for nearly every district in the Church to conduct similar meets. Gleaner Girls In meets such as this eligibility

rules should be definitely decided on before the contest. One eligibility rule that has been observed by most of the wards of Salt Lake and Ensign Stakes, relates to the competition of letter men. This rule provides that no M-Man who has won his letter in a high school or college can compete in the same class of swimming in which he won his letter. To illustrate: If an M-Man has won his letter in free-style swimming, he would not be permitted to enter the free-style swimming races for M-Men; however, he could contest in the breast-stroke or the back-stroke events or in fancy div-This rule handicaps the letter man but does not keep him out of competition. At the same time, it does not place non-letter men at a disadvantage because the letter men have usually specialized in one style of swimming.

Following is a list of swimming events which usually result in interesting competition. These events are similar to those used in high school contests. They are: 160-yard freestyle relay (four men to swim 40-yards each), fancy diving from low spring board (each contestant has four dives: the running forward dive, back dive, running forward jack-knife dive and back jack-knife dive), 40, 60 and 100-yard free-style races, 60-yard back-stroke race, 120-yard medley relay race (first man swims 40 yards back-stroke, second man swims 40 yards breast-stroke and third man swims 40 yards free-style. This program will permit a squad larger than a basket-ball squad to enter competition. It gives opportunity for physical activity to many young men who are not interested in basket-ball.

There is another feature connected with swimming which should not be overlooked-that of the carry over benefit that it offers.

A person doesn't need to discontinue swimming when he reaches the M-Men age limit-he can enjoy this activity the rest of his life and not over-strain himself in any way.

What Though By George H. Brimhall

WHAT though my mind like star hath shone. And I am placed on Power's throne If I've a heart that's made of stone? What though I'm placed beyond all need And go and come with lightning speed If I've a heart that throbs to greed?

What though I live where all is glad, And good full dominates the bad If I've a heart that's always sad?

What though I kneel at sacred shrine And utter prayers that sound divine If I've a will that's wholly mine?

What though I hope for joys afar Where Heaven's door is left ajar If I indulge in strife and war?

FOR the month of January, Discussions Nine and Ten of the 'History of the Church' which cover chapters 21 to 26 inclusive, will be chapters 21 to 26 inclusive, will be given. (See Gleaner Manual, pp. 143-170.) In "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 355-370; in "Our Church and People," pp. 153-157, and in "The Heart of Mormonism," pp. 303-312, are given good descriptions, some interesting characteristics and the accomplishments of the Prophet Joseph Smith, which could weil be used to summarize his life and works. before commencing Discussion Nine. Helps in connection with Chapters 21-26 can be found in "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp.371-436; "Our Church and People," pp. 158-179; "The Heart of Mormonism," pp. 315-341; 357-361; "Essentials in Church History," pp. 385-432. Please carefully watch the footnotes in the manual, as valuable references are given to Bancroft's "History of Utah," Whitney's "History of Utah," Tullidge's "History of Salt Lake City," etc.

Gleaner Project

"Gifts of the Spirit' is the theme for gathering "Treasures of Truth" for the fourth Tuesday in January. (See outline V, Gifts of the Spirit, p. 18, Gleaner Manual.)

"The Latter-day Saints claim to possess within the Church all the signgifts promised as the heritage of the believer. They point to the unimpeached testimonies of thousands who have been blessed with direct and personal manifestations of heavenly power; to the once blind, and dumb, halt, and weak in body, who have been freed from their infirmities through their faith and by the ministrations of the priesthood; to a multitude who have voiced their testimony in tongues with which they were naturally unfamiliar; or who have demonstrated their possession of the gift by a phenomenal mastery of foreign languages, when such was necessary to the discharge of their duties as preachers of the word of God; to many who have enjoyed communion with heavenly



beings; to others who have prophesied in words that have found their speedy vindication in literal fulfillment; and to the Church itself, whose growth has been guided by the voice of its Divine Leader, made known through the gift of revelation." "The Articles of Faith," by James E. Talmage.

We give below an incident of the "Gift of Tongues" from "My First Mission," by George Q. Cannon: This mission was to the Sandwich Islands.

"My desire to learn to speak was very strong, it was present with me night and day, and I never permitted an opportunity of talking with the natives to pass without improving it. The want of books was a great drawback at first; but we sent to Honolulu for them. I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord to obtain the gift of talking and understanding the language. One evening, while sitting on the mats conversing with some neighbors who had dropped in, I felt an uncommonly great desire to understand what they said. All at once I felt a peculiar sensation in my ears; I jumped to my feet, with my hands at the sides of my head, and exclaimed to Elders Bigler and Keeler who sat at the table, that I believed I had received the gift of interpretation! And it was so. From that time forward I had but little, if any, difficulty in understanding what the people said. I might not be able at once to separate every word which they spoke from every other word in the sentence; but I could tell the general meaning of the whole. This was a great aid to me in learning to speak the language, and I felt very thankful for this gift from the Lord. I mention this that my readers may know how willing God is to bestow gifts upon his children. they should be called to go as missionaries to a foreign nation, whose language they do not understand, it is their privilege to exercise faith for the gifts of speaking and interpreting

the gits of sweaking and interpreting that language, and also for every other gift which they may need."

Please refer to "Manifestations of Divine Power," Chapter XI, pp. 46-50 of the 1930-31 Junior Manual, "Balisting and Doing." "Believing and Doing." Here are given some remarkable instances of "Gift of Tongues," "Divine Guidance," "Inspiration," etc.

The Written Word

This is the title of an article by Prof. Peterson of the Utah Agricultural College, and in it he gives reasons and arguments for the keeping of written records. After reading his article (on page 143, this Era) one is impressed with the foresight which led the Gleaner Committee to outline the present year's project for the girls. -Editors.

Junior Girls-

THE Junior Committee of the General Board wishes a Happy New Year to all our Junior girls, our Ward and Stake Leaders. May it bring to you hope, courage, inspiriton, true friendship, health, happiness and increased faith and confidence in our Heavenlu Father.

As we stand upon the threshold of the year 1932 the outlook for the future of the Junior department is more than usually encouraging.

We appreciate very highly the splendid work of our leaders during the past year and earnestly pray that our Father will bless their efforts and give unto them the sweet spirit of love and good will and that they may seek and hold the key to the hearts of all

Junior Department Notes

our precious Junior girls.

IN helping the Junior girls to "build their lives," we, their leaders, have a wonderful opportunity this season, to direct their minds toward the higher and nobler things which go to make up fine, happy, and successful lives.

The two subjects to be considered in January, "Unselfishness" and "Chastity," are so very important in the forming of character, that we cannot afford to pass over them lightly. They should receive the most earnest and prayerful consideration.

Life is what we ourselves make it, but we are still dependent upon each other for success—and if we can drop a word here and leave a thought there that may cause one young girl to turn from a life of selfishness to one of service and helpfulness, surely we have contributed something of great value to her life.

One of the great lessons of life, is to earn to take pleasure in ministering to the wants, and in contributing to the happiness of others. Some find this easy to do. With others it is a struggle and they have to train themselves so that they will think of the happiness and enjoyment of others as much as they do of their own.

"Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in Heaven."

We are not required to follow this injunction literally, but what a fine opportunity we have, during this time of stress and strain, to cultivate generosity and overcome selfishness, by extending help and comfort to those in distress. There are so many things we can give without giving money—gratitude, love, friendship, sympathy, a helping hand, a kindly word, and a cheerful smile.

"Give the world the best you have and the best will come back to you." Every day we ask our Heavenly Father, for blessings, and He bestows them on us freely. We should show our gratitude to Him by giving freely to His children.

Chapter thirteen in "Gleaning" last year's Gleaner Manual by Adam S. Bennion, should be helpful in strengthening this discussion on "Unselfishness."

"If purity of life is neglected, all other dangers set in upon us like the rivers of waters when the flood gates are open."—President Joseph F.

Our minds may be likened to the sensitive wax of the phonograph which records accurately lovely musical sounds except that our minds are more sensitive and record pleasant and harmful impressions alike. The more we can store our minds with beautiful thoughts, the more nearly shall we be able to attain to that purity of life that should be the desire of every one of us.

"Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten it and exalt it."

We are building lives. Let us put into these buildings the very strongest and best materials, those that will fortify and strengthen them, and nothing which could cause them to crumble and deteriorate.

In the secret chambers of our minds, let us allow only those thoughts that will keep them sweet and that will uplift and make us better.

We must keep our minds full of bright, clean thoughts, leaving no room for sordid, unwholesome ideas to creep in.

"Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of a woman."

Let us begin each day with this prayer as found in Psalms. "Create in me a clean heart, O, God!" And may these descriptions be attached to the character of every Junior girl in this Church—

"As pure in thought as angels are; to know her was to love her."—Rogers.



"As pure as a pearl and as perfect; a noble and innocent girl."—Lord Lytton.

Project

What could be more appropriate for our Project, the first week in January, the beginning of the new year, than Patriarchal Blessings?

Remember, girls, a Patriarchal Blessing is an anchor or handclasp with the Lord. It is a sacred guide through your life to warn you of events to come, to give you comfort and aid in time of need and distress; to help you in making serious decisions, in you life; to be a protection from evil, and to a certain extent to mark your pathway through life and make your lineage known. A Patriarchal Blessing is not a passing or temporary blessing but is a setting for your entire life.

This is exemplified in our lives when we are placed on our own responsibility and we feel our utter dependence upon the Lord. For example -the faithful mother in rearing her family, when trials and difficulties come, when sickness and death enter the home, will turn to the blessings and promises of the Lord to her and in them find satisfying comfort. She is built up in her faith and is given renewed courage and strength to endure. The missionary who is among strangers in a strange land, when hardships and discouragements face him, turns to his Patriarchal Blessing and finds joy and comfort to carry on his work, knowing that our Father in Heaven will be true to His promises.

At the time of the Great World War many of our boys faced death, but with their faith strong in the promises of the Lord to them their lives were spared and they returned home to their loved ones.

A story is told of one of our Mormon boys who landed in France and was sent directly to the front. During the time he spent at the front, he said, there were many times he was a little dubious about the fulfillment of his Patriarchal Blessing given him before his departure, in which he was promised, among many other things, a choice posterity. One night he was sent with a patrol behind the German lines and it surely looked as if the end had come. However, he remembered his Patriarchal Blessing and trusted in its fulfillment. He returned home and is now well and is the happy father of a large family.

Hundreds have borne testimony of how their faith in their Patriarchal Blessings has saved their lives when sickness has come upon them and no earthly hope has been given them.

READING COURSE BOOK

Read the words concerning "Larry" written by one of his friends in the "Vanguard" Notes.

Vanguards-Scouts-

By FRED TURLEY Who Knew the Boy "Larry" Personally

IT is my pleasure to write a few lines in favor of the wonderful "Larry"—the book literary gem chosen on the Mutual reading course for Vanguards and Junior Girls.

Larry Foster spent the last two months of his life in our home, at Sundown Ranch, Aripine, Arizona.

My life has been spent among clean living Mormon boys and Elders in the Mission field, yet it has never been my privilege to associate intimately with anyone of more perfection of character, love of life, love of service to humanity, true culture and high intellectual capacity, than Larry Foster symbolized.

In two months' time, at home and in camp, I never heard one profane word, not even a swear word; no suggestion of anything coarse or vulgar; not a boastful expression nor a single word derogatory to any person's character, ideas or religion. At the same time he lived a wholesome, happy, genuine life, continually expressing his ideas and desires for fitting himself to render more and better service to

No part of this book was written for publication. His parents, to whom much credit is due, gathered a few of his written ideas on college life, law breaking, friendship, his philosophy of life, letters to his girl, letters home, poetry and humor and added these to his diary without changing or omitting a word from the diary he wrote while at Sundown Ranch.

Larry wrote concerning law: "Here is the problem: How can I keep my respect for a man who ruins his body, brain and soul for and with a little fool "firewater" no matter how much I like him when he's sober? I wouldn't care if he hurt only himself, but think of the people and places he is hurting: folks, fraternity brothers, friends, college and society in general, because he is breaking a law. I may be very oldfashioned, but when a law is in the constitution I believe it is an act of treason to break it! Now, by golly, either I'm wrong or I'm right, and either I'm wrong or there is no compromise."

Arink: "A drunk

comes along. Helpless, hopeless, he has no control over mind or body, he has lost his self-respect, his honor, everything; his face is best witness to that. He staggers, stumbles past me and careens across the great town, another member in the ever-changing crowd. He will stumble and stagger through life, never finding himself, never finding anything worth while."
Friendship: "Friendships form an

inestimable part of one's life. By them it is possible to soar to the pinnacle of success, or slip to the hungry abyss; good or bad, they largely determine the individual. What could be finer than the fellowship, the understanding, the unselfishness, the devotion, the love of a friend? Effeminate? No! Friendship is a strong, virile, all-powerful love; such a love that some two thousand years ago led to the sacrifice of a life which gave a new meaning to the word friendship.

He entered nearly every college activity. His debating coach wrote in his diary concerning Larry's work on the debating team: "I am happy Larry made the varsity debate team. He always brings to his work a spontaneous enthusiasm and a challenging mind that will make work with him a sheer joy. * * * and it should do a good bit to bring debating back to its rightful place here at Lafayette. The moment the campus sees that debating attracts men who are also able to do something else besides talk, there will be more support for the men on the teams. Larry is the best possible recommendation for intercollegiate de-

One statement from Larry's philosophy, written for himself at the age of eighteen: "I have always felt that my body, my mind, and my soul were given to me to use for the betterment of my associates, my community. my nation; that I am the trustee of a Personality, and that I must regard it as a sacred trust. How else can I explain my presence here? I must be useful, "else wherefore born?"

His honest statements concerning the Mormon religion are worthy tributes of a big soul.

My wish is that the book "Larry" will find its way into the home of every Latter-day Saint; the world will be made better through homes it has entered and will enter.

Scouting in Fredonia, Arizona

SCOUTING seems to be progressing very nicely and I am very happy to have the privilege of working in it, here with these boys.

Recently we succeeded in getting the last boy in the community to join the scouts. He has always been just a little indifferent about it, but with a little personal work on my part, he joined and is now one of the best boys in the group. Scouting has solved the discipline problems of the school here and all the boys seem to have an interest in their work. They give me the impression they are pals filled with energy, rather than little rascals filled with mischief. We have recently completed graveling the side-walks of the community. This was walks of the community. secured the help of some of the men in town. Ten blocks were graveled, making it possible to travel any place in the community on good graveled sidewalks. The boys have also done a number of other good turns, such as get wood for ward and Relief Society, clean cemetery, fix seats in Ward Hall, help the parents of one of the boys. whose home burned down, etc.

We observed Scout Anniversary (Continued on page 176)



Troop 366, Fredonia, Arizona

Bee-Hive Girls-

Owing to Christmas vacations held in some wards, and also the fact that some associations were late in starting, it is suggested that all Bee-Hive Swarms try to catch up and fit their programs to the February calendar. If you are ahead of the calendar, use two evenings for some outlines. February 2.

Nymphs-Guide 17: Spirit of Hive and Spirit of Home.

"The Life Builders—Guide 17: of the Bee"—Maeterlinck.

Gatherers-Guide 17: Games.

February 9. Nymphs-Guide 18: Happiness in

Daily Home Tasks. Builders—Guide 18: National

Gatherers-Guide 18: Civic Responsibility.

February 16. Nymphs-Guide 19:

Recreation in the Home and Hive. Builders-Guide 19: Bathing the

Gatherers-Guide 19: Home Evening.

February 23.

Nymphs-Guide 20: Business in Hive and in City.

Builders-Guide 20: Gatherers-Guide 20: Open. Helps

Life of the Bee.—If possible use the original text in preparing this lesson. Also read again pages 16 to 39 in the Bee-Keeper's Book.

Anthem and Flag-See Bee-Keeper's Book, pp. 45, 51, 165, 174, 175 and 176. A George Washington program, in keeping with the bi-centennial celebration could be very interesting and give opportunity for filling several cells in class. A game which is always enjoyable is a contest to see which girl can make the greatest number of words using only the letters in the name "Washington."

Bathing the Baby-When you have had your class demonstration, each girl should be encouraged to watch a mother bathe a baby. If there is not a baby in her home, she could go, perhaps on a Saturday morning, to the home of some relative or friend, at the regular hour for the baby's bath. Then, when the girls have taken advantage of such an opportunity, talk about it again in class. They will have more to tell you, and more questions to ask. Are your girls gathering some attractive baby pictures illustrat-ing filling these cells, to put in their scrap books?

Games-Why not plan your program so that you will have an evening of cell filling as well as enjoyment. See Bee-Keeper's Book, pp. 74 to 77; Games and Songs in Nymphs Book;

Twice 55 Games with Music—games Nos. 22, 24, 37 (25c at any book store).

Do you have an envelope in your scrap book in which you are collecting games published in the newspapers and magazines?

Civic Responsibility-Would the Adult Department in your ward like to have you, Bee Hive Girls, cooperate with them in any way in carrying out their project for this year? Consult your presiding officer in charge of class work.

Home Evening-See November Era, page 35, "Laying the Foundation for Good Manners;" August Era, "Homes Then and Now" (adapt to Bee Hive instead of Scout): Poem, "It Takes a Heap O' Living in a House to Make a Home"—Guest.

Birthdays-Here is a list of interesting men born in the month of February: Lincoln, Washington, Franklin, Horace Greeley, Mendelssohn, Charles Dickens, Charles Lamb, Thomas Edison, Charles Darwin, Galileo, Voltaire, James Russell Lowell, Samuel Pepys, Victor Hugo, W. F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill), Longfellow and Raphael.

Why not encourage your girls to begin filling some of cells 761 to 772, by having a "birthday program?" See "Greatness in Men," in Sept. Era; pp. 178 to 188 Bee Keeper's Book. Contest

The season is half over. Four months of frequent practice on Bee-Hive songs, and some public appearances, have been splendid training for Bee Hive Girls. Now they are prepared to put special effort into sing-ing "The Spirit of the Hive" (or other Bee Hive song chosen by the Stake Bee-Keepers) as often as practicable, so as to be ready for contest. Originalitu

One of the big objectives in Bee Hive is development of originality. Do not let your desire to have things appear well curtail the girls in acquiring this very desirable attribute. Suggestions are made to assist you in directing the activities of your group. Use them as suggestions and helps, but do not be satisfied to stop there. Add to them, enlarge upon them, and adapt them to the individual members of your swarm and yourself. And above all things take suggestions from the girls whenever they are workable and in keeping with Bee Hive work. Cell Filling

It is time to begin checking more closely on the cell filling your girls are doing, particularly on the cells which require a longer time to complete. Will your girls be ready to complete rank by the end of May? Se Bee-Keeper's Book, pp. 12 and 13.

A Executive Dept.

or physical reservations. His completeness of service produced a perfection of love. In choosing to cast his lot with the colonists he became espoused to Liberty, and in signing the Declaration of Independence-pledging his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor -he became wedded to the cause of freedom, from which divorce was made impossible by his free will, patriotic devotion.

(b) Love languishes in the direc-tion of neglect.

Our love of God fades as we neglect our prayers. Our meetings, our tithes and offerings, or our contributions for missionary work. Our love for others declines and dies as we cease lending helping hands, and speaking words of cheer. We sow seeds of love in our own hearts when we send off letters and we wilt the flowers there when we neglect to write. Failing to feel for and help the destitute, and cheer the discouraged is a sin with an unescap-able penalty: The freezing of the soul. 7. Answering of questions-

(a) How is free agency related to physical health? Time-two minutes.

(b) What is mental health and how does free agency foster it? Time -two minutes.

(c) What are the evidences of Spiritual health and how is it preserved by free agency? Time—three minutes. 8. Closing exercises.

(See p. 181 for "Music Festival.")

A Vanguards-Scouts

Week following nearly like the outline in "Scouting Magazine." One night was spent in a big Jamboree with the scouts of Kanab. During this night we held a big bonfire program, played games and ate about six gallons of "slum." The boys from both troops seemed to enjoy it and I really think it was very good, in that it acquainted and united the boys of the two communities, possibly more than anything

they have ever done before. During this same week both troops went to La Verkin Hot Springs and had a fine swim. We have held a number of hikes, all of which were much enjoyed by all the fellows. I can surely vouch for the fact that scouting is and must be an out-ofdoors game most of the time.

There seems to be considerable interest among the younger boys of the community as well as those who are now in scouting. They look like now in scouting. good future scouts.

"Here's to good old Scouting, she's good enough for me."-Merrill Christopherson.

HRISTMAS ADVENTURE



of MICKEY the Mouse

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the

Not a creature was stirring but wee Mickey Mouse, And he was inspecting the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there. And well he might wonder, and well he might fear, For Saint Nick had come down through the chimney

All covered with soot, and strangling with smoke, And he swore in a rage between every choke, "It's a pity they couldn't give welcome to me When they asked me to fill up the stockings and tree! I'v a good mind no longer appointments to keep, But to turn my job over to some chimney sweep!"

Now, Mickey the Mouse had just finished a round Of Mouse Golf with one of his friends when the sound Of St. Nicholas swearing broke in on the game, And they had to admit that it sure was a shame, The way that good Santa Claus found himself treated. Would you like with soot and smoke to be greeted? So this night Mickey hung up his sock at the grate, And stationed himself for a long watchful wait; When he heard on the roof the sound of a clatter, And he wasn't just certain what could be the matter, Till down through the chimney came old Nick himself, As happy as could be, the merry old elf!

And Mickey the Mouse was surprised and delighted To know that the house where he lived was not slighted.

There wasn't a pin-head of soot on old Nick, And he coughed not a cough, but he cried, "Tell me quickl

What is it has happened to clean up this house Of smoke and of soot-say, Mickey the Mouse!" Then Mickey spoke up and told what he knew, That the dirt, and the smoke and the soot were taboo In all the clean houses throughout the great west Since Natural Gas has been found of all fuels the best.

So Nick warmed his hands at the glowing gas grate, And laughed, "Ho! Ho! Ho! I sure 'preciate The no-dirt, no-smoke, no-soot of this home, And now I will show it before I must roam." So he left better presents than ever before. And stuffed all the stockings till none would hold more. He said, as he left, "When I'm pleased, then I please!" And he stretched Mickey's sock with a large hunk of

Now, listen, dear children, and tell all the folks. That dirt, smoke and soot are no longer jokes-If your family healthy would be every day, Cook with gas, heat with gas, use gas every way. And the town will be smokeless, and clean every house. Take advice from old Santa and Mickey the Mouse.

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road. I follow a short way, sadly. Sidely, there reposes a large pile of stones which were a house in past time. Amigo walks with slowness to the center of this pile. He does not heed the five. Then with great suddenness he kicks his behind legs to the sun, and the five fall upon the stones with much screams and yelps as Tom-coyotes, and gushes of tears. They do not wish to ride Amigo to the Fiesta. They tell me with anger they will not ride him should I pay them moneys that they do it. This is foolishment. I have no wish to pay moneys to this five that they should ride my dear Amigo. He return to me with great proud-He have done his daily good turn . It is to himself. He is very wise.

I wish you have not weary of Amigo's wiseness, for there is more

IT is the second day of this Fiesta. The good Padre comes to sit with the grandmother and asks it that ride up to the Plaza for the small holiday. Excited is everywhere in the village. It is the Fiesta de San Jose and the people are very happy. After a small time I see these men in a circular position and I knew these cocks are engage in the fight. I have use to think nothings of this fightings for it is many times I have seen these cocks kill the other one. But now

I say, Ramon, are these Lone Scout's actions? I step to these circular men. I tell them of the unkind actions to cocks which should kill for pleasure. have great laughs for me. I beg them in earnest talk that this is cruelty. They have joy in my pain. After a large time, he of the cock which is the weaker, gives me answer he will remove away his cock from the fighting if I will give to him my burro. He has need. My Amigo! I have great pain. These hombres give me great laughs. I think it is hard to be kind. Then I think of you, most lovely lady, I say, Ramon, are these Lone Scout's actions? I whisper in the ear of Amigo. He looks at me with wiseness. His large eyes tell me he has more wisdom than all these circular men. To this man I give the rope. I cannot talk there is this feeling in the throat. They have surprise. They have anger also. They wish to observe this fighting. The man of the weaker cock puts him in a bag and takes my rope. He ties the cock on the west of Amigo and the clothing of himself on the east. Then he try to lead Amigo to the where his horse rests. But this always so willing Amigo will not move one step. The man has anger. He pulls with great strength. He tells me to lead this so worthless burro. He speaks the

language which you have tell me is not nice. I try to lead Amigo. I do not wish they should think my Amigo is one of those which stand stubborn. I pull and coax him with no use. This hour goes by. Many persons appear. They make me great laughs. Amigo turns his head and looks at his burden. Then he looks in my eye and his eyes say, Ramon, I will now do my daily good turn. He sinks down onto his knees and starts to roll over. The man is fill with anger. He shout about the words of loud swearing, and yell to Amigo he will kill this so expensive cock. Amigo does not desist. The man dance and yell me to remove this cock and I may retain my dear burro. He will not take these chance. I am very Amigo is very happy, also. He is very wise, also.

The blessings of our Gracious Lady and all the Saints be upon my so beautiful teacher of the

school.

Ramon Vasquez, San Josefa.

M I Apreciable Maestra de Escuela:-

It is with sorrow I must not salute you.

At the sunset of yesterday, the tiny candle which was the light in the eyes of my grandmother.

flickered out.

We were sitting in the sun where she loved to be, and her old face was turned to its slow departure. As the bright glow faded, a strange light blazed up in her sunken eyes for one instant only, and then all light was gone. But me, I should not have known it was forever gone, had not the good Padre, who had seen this thing coming and had remained with us all the day, closed with gentleness the withered lids and carried the tiny form within.

It is well, the Padre says, for those sunken eyes have looked upon more than a hundred blazing Summers since first the taper was lighted within them. Now they have closed the weary flesh may rest in peace.

It is well, but there is this feeling in the throat and this dimness in the eyes when we fold the little claw hands over the heart that have scarcely beat for so long.

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THE Padre tells that I should now go to my uncle in the U. S. There is none remaining of my close blood who now walk the earth near San Josefa.

It is happy that I should look so soon again upon the beautiful face of my so dear teacher in the school.

But there remains Amigo.

The Padre has not for him the warm regard which I could wish. He think Amigo is as other bur-Though I know he is of a very uncommonness. And could I leave him to the unkindness of these Garcias, which ride him five all in the same time? I have fear if I should take him with, he should not love the U.S. Amigo is a citizen of Mexico and speak no other language. And would my uncle send the money he should ride on the train? And would not Amigo fear this roaring monster which should carry him swift. ly while he vet stood still? He has always travel on his own four strong legs and his pace is more slow than swift. Amigo has also these strong thoughts of his own and decides with firmness. I should with difficult move him from one to the other car. And should be make all the great change with willingness? Quien sabe?

Thus, dear Miss Bronson, what will become of me in the future days is very unknown to me at

the present time.

May our Lady smile upon all your days and peace attend you. Ramon Vasquez,

August 10. San Josefa, Chihuahua, Mexico.

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M. I. A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments for October, 1931

	No. Wards in Stake No. Renorting		No. Reporting		ganized and Functioning	No. of Wards having Conducted Era Campaign No. of Wards having held Sunday		No. having used Era program	No. of Wards Conducting Tues.	No	lucti	ng	irds Depa	art-	Percentage of Stake Membership in Half-hour Program
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M. I. A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments for October, 1931

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	No. Wards			No. of Wards with all Depts. Or ganized and Functioning		No. of Wards having Conducte	Jo.	Lyening Session No. having used Era program	No. of Wards Conducting Tue	d	ucti	Wards Conng Departents in:			Percentage of Stake Membership i Half-hour Program
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The Music Festival in June

GREAT interest has followed the announcement of the Music Festival to be held in Salt Lake City at the time of the M. I. A. Conference in June, 1932, which is to take the place of the regular music contests. Eligible to attend this festival and participate in the advantages offered in the way of expert instruction, are members of all choruses—Male, Ladies' and Mixed—which have won out in their own stake competition.

The fact that the original provisions included members of one ward only from each stake, has led to the addition of other eligibility regulations:

- (1) Stakes desiring to augment their ward groups, in order to give more than one ward the benefit of the festival, may add to the winning ward chorus members of other wards in the stake, provided that the entire group numbers no more than fifty. In this way, the word of the Conference will get back into many wards, and give equal opportunity for benefit,
- (2) In cases where there are not enough individuals in a ward to make up a chorus, competition may be set aside, at the decision of Stake Officers and a Stake Music Festival substituted, at which time a chorus made up of members of all wards in the stake may represent the stake at the June Festival.
- (3) In addition, choristers and organists of all ward choruses and also Stake

Board members who are musically qualified, may be added to the completed chorus, and they too may attend the festival.

This Festival, it is felt, will mark the beginning of unprecedented accomplishment in this field of M. I. A. activity.

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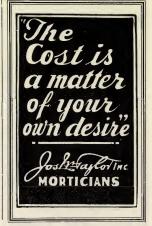
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A The Surrender of Father Time

Continued from page 145

teeth. "I ain't excusin' what he done. Land knows I feel bad enough about it, and about my girl, the poor lamb! It ain't just a matter of money with us." Blanche blinked to keep back the tears. "But after all, it's worse for you to take from men a chance to work than for that boy to take money. He's little more 'n a silly kid, much too young for an assistant cashier. But you're gettin' on. You've been at my boarding-house nineteen year, an' you wasn't young when you come. You ought to know better.'

"When I want someone to tell me what to do, I'll let you know."

"There now, Sam, I don't mean to be nasty. I've been a mother to you; soaked your feet in mustard, put flaxseed poultices on your chest, and such like. I'm right fond of you. I know you've been a good manager for the mine; but I just can't stand the thought of the folks meetin' the New Year with conditions black as they are today. I've got to do something, if I do it all myself."

"Guess you'll have to."

"If only you'd clear the road, get a man fixin' the wires that's down, and maybe, maybe New Year's Eve, tell 'em you're goin' to open the mine again, it'd be grand."

Sam propped his feet comfortably on the pile of logs, slumped in his chair, shut his eyes and assumed sleep, to end the discussion.

By next morning something had happened to Blanche. Yesterday's depression had lifted. She came down stairs in stiffly starched percale, her dark hair still damp from the wet comb that had smoothed it from her wholesome face. Her very appearance suggested action, the beginning of "a clean sheet."

It did not take long to get action started either, for at the breakfast table while twenty-two boarders were enjoying bacon and eggs, Blanche stood to formally announce: "You are all cordially invited to attend a big New Year's Eve banquet at the La Blanche Hotel next Thursday night. Everyone in Haddy's Hollow is to be invited; children too." She paused,

closed her lips tightly, quicklyscanned the faces for signs of approval, then continued: "If any of you wants to help, your assistance will be very much appreciated. Just ask me an' 'll give you a job." In the manner of one having delivered a finished oration, Blanche strutted to the kitchen.

"Oh, mother, how can you?" Patsy sobbingly questioned as the door swung to.

An anguished expression crossed Blanche's face as she answered: "There, lovey, ma knows how you feel, but help ma with the party an' it'll make you feel better."

"I can't mother! I can't bear to even see people." Her slender body quivered; tears from her big blue eyes splashed in the pan of potatoes she was peeling. Blanche held her hurt child-bride against her own ample side, and whispered: "I wish I could take your heartache and carry it for you." Blanche had usually been able to shift Patsy's burdens to her own broad shoulders; today she could only say: "The best way to forget your own troubles, darlin', is to do something for somebody else."

"But I can't. You know how they all feel about Ned. They're blaming me—"

"That's just it, lovey, you an' me ain't in no way to blame but some thinks 'count o' Ned we are, an' it's up to us to do something to make things better. Scatter a bit o' joy."

Her arm around Patsy's waist Blanche led her to the kitchen window, and pushing the curtain aside remarked: "It's a little brighter in the west this morning. Maybe it won't snow much longer. Look lovey, see the snowballs the Jensen kids have lined up there." While the two watched the children, busy with their task, one snowball lost balance and rolled down the mountain side. Before it stopped it had trebled its bulk.

"That's all we need to do, Patsy, start the Happy New Year ball rollin' an' it'll get bigger an' bigger 'till everyone's helpin'." "All but me. I just can't."

"Yes you can an' will. It's like medicine; maybe you don't like it but if necessary you must take it."

Patsy broke away and went sobbing to her own room.

Today Blanche's toes pointed straight ahead. It would have taken a tragedy to divert her line of march. "I'm goin' to the store," she announced to the cook, as she struggled into her bulky coat, and tied an ice-wool fascinator over her head. "Be back soon."

N one hour she was stamping the snow from her feet, shaking the wet flakes from her coat, and explaining in breathy sentences: "Just 'bought out the store, Moll. Banquet for a hundred an' seventy takes a lot o' food. Course I couldn't get no turkeys or chickens, but they got five hams, an' Garry says he kind o' thinks the milk-man's got one cow he might sell for beef. It ain't any too young, an' it ain't got long to cure, but you can doll it up some scrumptuous way. I told Garry you could make Noah's cow taste like angel-cake if you'd a mind to.

"Oh, an' about the puddings an' fruit cake, I bought all the raisins an' citron-peel in the store. Garry's bringin' them over. If old Smedly will beef his cow, Garry will kill it today an' get suet for the pudding soon as he can."

"Say you are expecting a hun-

dred an' seventy?'

"Yes, that's what they say lives here. Can you make enough puddings for that many, Moll?"

"Sure I can. Count on me to help with everything. I think you got a magnificent idea. I'm right sick of all this pouting around."

"I knew you'd help. You never failed me yet, dearie. If you can manage without me today I'm goin' up the road and invite every-body. I'd send one of the boarders but maybe it'll take some explainin' so I'll go myself. 'Spect ti'll be near night 'fore I'm back.'' And Blanche faced the snow again.

The cow was killed and the suet over by early afternoon, so before Blanche returned every corner of the hotel was fragrant with pungent spicy odors. The men loitering in the lobby showed some slight response to the delicious holiday scents. At least it seemed to Blanche that they were a little less serious, all except Sam. He still sat stoically silent before the fire. The boarders were avoiding

Sam. Blanche understood that they hated him for closing the mine, yet craved his favor, should it open. Silence meant safety.

POOR Sam, thought Blanche as she summoned the others: "Come, boys. Draw up, I want to tell you about today. I visited every house in the Hollow and they're all crazy about our New Year's Eve party. 1931 has been a little hard on most of us, but those that's still got their health an' strength is goin' to crow about it, 'fore it's too late, 'fore

the old year's gone. We're goin' to make enough noise New Year's eve for the whole world to hear.

"Everybody's plannin' to make presents for everybody else, things out o' scraps, hobby-horses, little ironing boards, blocks, pincushions, doll quilts, hot pan lifters, oh just everything the men, women an' children can make without spendin' money. Won't it be grand?" Blanche's face beamed contagiously.

"I need the help of every man of you to help get ready. There's tables an' benches to be made; a

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tree to be cut and trimmed; we must have a tree for the children. A program to get up; I promised I'd get Jim to sing his cowboy songs, an' that some of the rest would work up a quartet or two. Well," Blanche folded her arms complacently in the slight indentation that marks her waist line, shook her head knowingly and finished: "There's just so much to do boys, that we won't know where to start."

Silence. Dead silence. The men looked at Sam. Had he approved they would have been enthusiastic, but they could not afford to vex Sam. The silence continued. Blanche paled.

"I'm powerful tired. Good night boys." Her feet dragged as she climbed the stairs.

THE night was long; filled with disturbing dreams, and troubled wakenings. For many hours Blanche lay wide-eyed staring into the blackness, and wondering whether or not her plans were going to carry. The affair was entailing utmost effort and unheard of expense on her part. If it succeeded, even though it meant denial later, money was of little consequence, but if it failed—

She flopped. It must not fail, it means too much! It can't fail! Then she began to plot ways and means to win Sam. His participation in their plans was vital-That some folk had to be coaxed to come because Sam, of necessity must be there, no one but she should ever know. They would feel better toward him if he joined in the festivities-Sam wasn't entirely to blame-The men hadn't been sports about the cut-but all working to make the party a success would do a lot of good-It might even soften Sam's heart. Thus she reasoned until the faintest dawn peeped in her window. By then she had a few definite plans and so slipped into an hour's restful slumber.

Sunday Blanche made her plans in detail, noted every necessity so that the next day and the next and the next were as busy as she had predicted. The quartet, the double quartet, Jim the cowboy practiced until the cook threatened to depart, bag and baggage. They only laughed at her nerves' and reminded her that there happened to be no way out.

Every boarder except Sam was busy at his assigned task. Hammers, saws, planes transformed the lobby into a work shop. Tables and benches came magically into being. Huge pine-bough wreaths took form and hung in every window. Though no flowers were available and no crepe paper to be had at the store for the "perfectly lovely" artificial roses Patsy knew how to make, Blanche chanced to remember that the red, white and blue paper streamers left from the "Fourth" were stored in the attic, and Patsy consented to make roses to brighten the evergreen mounds that were to grace the long tables at regular distances.

W HEN Blanche took the paper to Patsy's room she explained: "Red and white will be perfect and I don't know but that you had better make blue roses too. Who knows that roses ain't blue sometimes." Day before New Years when Blanche went to Patsy's room for the flowers she was surprised and delighted beyond expression. Taking her child in her arms she rocked and petted Patsy as she used to do when she was a baby. She fondly whispered over and over again, "No one, but my own precious Patsy, would have thought of making blue birds for happiness, 'stead of blue roses.' And Blanche experienced her one joyful moment since Ned left. Patsy had forgotten the terrible heartache for the time it took to make Bluebirds. She thought happiness! The party was working, for everyone except Sam. Blanche resumed her work with new zeal.

Another problem awaited her in the lobby. The many long tables left no place for the tree. At last after many shiftings, Blanche suggested: "I'll tell you, let's hang it from the ceiling. It's two stories high and strong enough."

"But it'd be upside down," one of the boys objected.

"That's all right, most everything is, but the lights and tinsel will be just as bright upsidedown."

"It's gorgeous perfectly gorgeous!" exclaimed Moll, who had come in piled to the neck with the clean sheets substituting for table cloths.

Blanche and Moll had one grave secret. From worn sheets and a roll of cotton batting they had made a most picturesque costume

for Father Time. His duty was to be the distributtion of gifts. The costume had purposely been cut to the generous proportions of Big Sam. Should he still refuse to participate in their festivities they planned to explain that the suit happened to be too large for anyone but him. By hook or crook he must be inveigled into the costume. Not that some other person might not have taken the part, and handed out the gifts, but Sam as Father Time might forget the worried grouchy Sam that had come into being the last months, be his own jolly self again, and do more for the men-than-"We won't say a word about it Moll, until the 'sirologeal' moment, but keep prayin'.'

NEW YEAR'S EVE! Everything, that is, everything except Sam's cooperation had hap-pened exactly as planned. The pened exactly as planned. banquet tables were beautiful. The food "scrumptuous." The quartet "grand," and the program moving at full swing, when the men, with due ceremony, announced that during the mysterious hours they had spent away from home they had cleared the road almost through to Nilwood, "Hoped to make it to the end, but ran into a slide.'

Sam looked chagrined. Blanche zed the moment: "Sam was seized the moment: goin' to take care o' the road, but he had other things to think about. He has the most important part on our program. "Come Sam, time you was gettin' ready for your part." He fairly staggered as he followed up the stairs.

"What's the idea. I told you before I wasn't for doing any-

thing."

'But Sam, you are the only person this costume'll fit. We put it on Garry an' it swallows him. Just try it on. Please. All you have to do is hand out the presents. should think you'd like that.

"I've never been one for dress-

ing up."
"I know Sam. It's a big favor I'm askin', but really you'll look wonderful in it, you're so big an' handsome, and so jolly.'

"Are you sure it'll fit me?"

"Sure it will. I'll step out an' you slip it on. Then I'll come back to put a little paint on your cheeks, fix this white hair an' beard on you an' you'll be the grandest Father Time ever was.

He chuckled as she finished making him up. "That's right Sam. laugh like that when you're givin' out the presents."

"I should think Father Time should be a serious old duffer."

'No, he isn't. I think he must laugh all the time because he has the joke on everybody. Nobody ever gets the best o' him."

'All right, I'll laugh if you say to." He entered into the part with gusto; had a pleasant word to go with every gift, and there were three huge cartons of them.

While the gifts were being distributed the telephone rang, the first time it had rung in eleven days. Everyone sat breathless as Patsy dashed to answer.

Yes Ned. Yes Ned. Yes Ned " they listened to every word. Ned neemed to be doing the talking. Blanche went over and stood with her arm around Patsy's waist.

PATSY turned to the group. She was as white and stilllooking as a gardenia, little and frail by her big mother, but her head was high. In a trembling (Continued on page 192)

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RAMSHAW HATCHERIES

3687 South State Street Phone Murray 474 Salt Lake City, Utah sage tea for my bites, to keep infection out? Who sat by me and listened to my ravings? Who took her last money to send for my father? The use of that little house won't even be interest on the debt I owe you."

IT proved to be a little house indeed. A room in which to live and cook and eat. A room in which she and the girls could sleep-a porch where Peter slept, and as he laughingly explained, 'drank fresh air for Aunt Catherine.' There was one of those little switches, however, that flooded the room with light. No lamps, no wicks, no smoke. And soon Peter bought his mother a fancy flatiron. She did not heat it on the stove, like the old sads. It wasn't a fluting iron, but you screwed a plug in the light socket, and the iron heated. More marvels every day!

Gloria worked at anything she could get to do. She took in washings, and ironed far into the night. But there was no water to pull bucket by bucket from a forty-foot well. She soon learned that a certain class of women preferred to buy their pastries and bread, so she baked cakes, pies and biscuits which the children delivered. She went to pick berries; she worked long hours in the canneries. The fingers that had once knitted a sock a day, now snipped beans untiringly, or filled the huge tomato buckets with precision and swift-

The schools were free! Blessed freedom of statehood. All children were equal in the public schools, even the books were provided. All children had to do was study. They learned to read, to paint, to cipher, to spell, they even had a little dancing. Imagine, spending money to teach how to dance! They taught music—down town there was a free library. Peter brought books home for the girls. It cost nothing. The door was open to rich and poor alike.

Five toothbrushes hung on little nails over the water tap.

JUDGE CONRAD explained all about delinquent taxes to Peter and Gloria. It seemed there had been a boom and Eastern investors had become disgusted and returned, refusing to send good money after bad. If you watched your chance, you could pick up a bargain for almost nothing. If you could hold it, the town would eventually right itself and you would have valuable property.

Continued from page 150

Francis Conrad took them, turn by turn, for a ride in his marvelous automobile. It was like a one seated, open buggy, except there were no shafts for horses. Just a handle which he turned when he came to corners. It wouldn't climb a hill, but what was that to strong, healthy people who could push? When it was Nancy's turn, the rides were always longer.

Gloria had the pleasure of casting a ballot for Judge Conrad. Of course in his great majority, it really didn't matter, but she had the thrill of standing in the little booth—alone—on a parity with the greatest and the richest. Her poverty or another's wealth made

no difference. Nancy took two years to even up her unbalanced home education. She knew as much as high school students in history and mathematics, but was woefully lacking in music and art. Now she was ready for High School, where the books were not free. But Mrs. Conrad had some sample copies, or rather Francis had some sample copies, or rather Francis said they were samples. looked almost new to Gloria, but Francis loved to do things for them all, especially Nancy.

PETER was no longer custodian of the court house. He sat in court and took down everything that was said. He wrote in queer figures, that went above the line and under the line and on the line. Afterwards, he wrote it all out so people could read it. The twins looked so much alike, their teacher could not tell them apart.

Rodney came to see them sometimes. He felt terribly sorry that Gloria had left the old home. He feared his father might get sick. How would he fare with only Aunt Catherine to cook and wash? Victoria worried over her mother, too. But her concern was short lived, for she came rushing in to Gloria one day, all breathless and disturbed.

"Mother is coming!" she gasped. "Coming tonight. To me! What shall I do?"

"She is your mother," admonished Gloria.

"But," expostulated Victoria,
"I can't comb her hair all day. I
can't listen to her sing God Save
the Queen. I can't get enough
cream to satisfy her!"

"What do you expect to do when you are old, Victoria, and perhaps Rodney is dead, like your father, and you have no home, and you can't adjust yourself to live on the charity of others—just what will you do?"

"Why, I'll go and live with my boy Horace, of course. I'll never be old to him."

"Will he comb your hair and buy you all the sensational novels he can find, and let you sing yourself hoarse and satisfy your cravings for certain foods?" As she talked Gloria ironed wide flounced skirts which were to go to a debu-

receive one dollar.
Victoria hung her head in dismay. "You have said enough, Aunt Gloria. I will meet the train. At first, I thought you might be willing to take her.

tante, and for which she would

"It wasn't so bad," chattered Aunt Catherine, as they rode home on the street car, "so long as the food which Gloria had cooked up lasted. I sort of enjoyed the quiet. I could sing all I wanted to. And that Claire is a well behaved child. She speaks when she is spoken to, like a child should. Be still, Horace, and let your grandmother talk!"

EVERY Christmas and Thanksgiving Gloria packed a generous box of prepared foods for Jonas. She never told him what sacrifices she had to make to buy them. She sent them prepaid, and every box contained some little girlish gift for Claire. Twice a year, Glaria wrote to Jonas, asking him to join them in the city, to leave the ranch. She received no acknowledgment that the boxes had arrived, no letter ever came in answer to hers.

Gloria bought a small lot, facing a corner. Judge Conrad demurred, suggesting something about improvement taxes eating it up, but Gloria had vision. "These new cars, like Francis', don't travel on air. Gasoline has to be put into them. You can't put enough in them to run forever. Already there are places where you can go to buy ice. Some day thete will be a need for places where you can go to buy gasoline. A place near the street, so the automobiles don't have to stop too long."

For this venture she had to adopt new economies. She cut the family butter to one pound a week and had Nancy walk home from school. She took one more ironing.

There was a new law now that made people send their children to school. There was one new theatre too, where there were only pictures of people. They moved about and did things, and what they were supposed to say was shown on a screen. Something like a magic lantern, only much faster.

When Nancy had finished high school and the twins were ready to enter, and Gloria and Peter had hopes of a bigger and better house, a telegram came from Bruce. Gloria had always sent her address, although Jonas had ignored it.

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Heber J. Grant & Co. General Agents Salt Lake City, Utah The telegram, like Bruce, wasted no words:

"Father Whitman sick. Guess you'd better come."

Bruce.

GLORIA took the night train, telling Peter she would send for him if his father were really very ill. The station was unchanged, not even a coat of paint had been added since she left. Bruce drove up just as the train pulled out and Gloria was deciding she would have to walk. The same old one-seated buggy, with Prance just a little older. Bruce looked unchanged, as though he might, like Rip Van Winkle, have been asleep the five years. "He's pretty sick," he spoke

He's pretty sick, he spoke without emotion. "He went out to the levee to turn the water one night, and fell in. Caught a cold

I guess.'

Claire met them at the back door. Her eye was more sunken, her cheek more twisted, her shoulders were slightly stooped, and her drab, ill-fitting dress removed any youthful beauty which might have been hers. She smiled in a frightened manner at Gloria whose motherly embrace brought a quick flush of pleasure to the prematurely old face.

Bruce had been right-Jonas was sick. His labored breathing, rapid pulse, general lassitude all indicated a grave condition. He had never been too robust. Gloria remembered the years she had shielded him from the heavier tasks, and was instantly glad. The room was uninviting and cold; the linen had lost its original color. An untasted meal which still stood by the bed looked unappetising. The windows were all tightly closed. She managed to rouse him so that he recognized her and a smile of welcome passed over his face.

ONCE more a bed was hastily erected in the parlor. There stood the Franklin stove, the big piano as if it were only yesterday that Gloria had left. The curtains were still draped back and held in place with the identical blue bows which she had fashioned. The top shelf of the whatnot was still vacant, where her gourds had stood. There were no needles for the phonograph. The wax flowers had melted and run down into a rainbow hued mass.

"I will need linen," announced Gloria. "Have you any that is clean?"

"Claire," called Bruce, harshly,

"get some sheets."

Gloria stood back in amazement. She dimly remembered the Kafir women who had worked in her mother's home. She had heard stories of the abuse meted to slaves in the south; but she had never before heard a father speak so cruelly to a child. Now she knew why Claire seemed afraid to speak; why she looked so grateful for the slightest recognition; it was because Bruce treated her as a menial slave. Mentally Gloria decided that Claire did the milking as a matter of course, that she provided her own fuel, carried all the water.

When Jonas had been transferred to the better bed and given a hot drink, he seemed better. His eyes followed Gloria as she moved about the room. She removed the lamp from the hanging center, placed it, shaded, on the piano, and prepared to watch over her sick husband all night.

"Claire," she smiled affably at the girl who stood near, uncertain what to do, "I shall watch him all night. The library used to have a book called 'The Prince and the Pauper.' Is it still there? I should like to see it again."

"I don't know," stammered Claire. "Father keeps that room locked. He keeps the key. He says he won't have me wasting my time reading. He says a girl with only one eye has no business to read."

THE next day Gioria purchased groceries in what seemed lavish quantities. She sent for del-ca-cies to tempt the appetite of Jonas, provided sick room necessities, anticipated his every need, had a doctor come from the city. But his desire to live was gone. There seemed no urge to keep up the battle—slowly but perceptibly he weakened. All the doctor and Gloria could do was to make the passing gentle.

"What do you do to live?" he asked Gloria. "I felt sure you would come back. I wanted you

here with me.'

"Baking bread for hired men taught me how to cook," smiled Gloria. "I bake and sell bread. Fluting your shirts taught me how to be a good ironer—I wash and iron. Peter works—the girls work a little. For the first year I never tasted butter."

"Are the girls in school?" Gloria had to lean far over the sick man to catch his whispers.

"They all have your quick, wonderful brain, Jonas. They all

do nicely in school."

"I wish you could understand, Crown of Glory," not for years had he called her by that endearing term, "why I had to have land. My parents worked from childhood in those terrible cotton factories in England. They put me there too, when I was seven. I never saw a cow or a pasture or a grain field during all my childhood. Only cotton. Bales of cotton from the States; cotton lint; cotton thread; cotton cloth. My mother fell dead at her loom. In England the poor could not own land. I had to have land-it was my life.'

NEVER before had Jonas bared his innermost thoughts to his wife. In his grave taciturnity he had expected her to understand. Education, comfort, luxury were as nothing if they impeded the possession of soil. Hopes that crops would be successful, that markets would be propitious, had ever spurred him on. Land to have for his own; land for all his posterity had been his one obsessing ambition. From his viewpoint the end justified the means.

Sitting by his bedside, the years of toil and privation seemed to roll away; he was again the younger Jonas, with eyes of vision. His hand moved weakly toward Gloria's curls, less shiny now, with a tinge of gray creeping in by the temples.

"Crown of Glory," he whispered again, "you have never lost your courage. I am glad you put the girls in school. But there will be land for them all; you will not be poor. Send for Bruce. I must have him see to it."

Bruce stood docilely by the bedside of the weakening old man.

"In my desk—in the library—that paper—the will which I made. Bring it—I want to change it. You know I didn't want to do it!"

Bruce returned shortly. "I locked the library father, to keep

Claire from reading. She was always in there, over-working what sight she's got. I put the key in my pocket, and I guess it wore this hole. I guess the key's plowed under by now. Anyhow, it's gone." He displayed a ragged pocket as proof of his assertion.

Jonas Whittman rose up in bed and issued his last order.

"I charge you Bruce, to proceed according to law and to divide all that I leave, share and share alike, between my children. You shall have a share, for you have stayed by me."

"Yes, sir." There was no Bruce had accepted orders all his life, so he accepted this last injunction. No flicker of emotion passed over his expressionless face. But he realized that there would be no one to call him to account if he did not discharge the order.

"Crown of Glory," whispered Jonas Whittman for the last time, "I'm glad you found me on the stream. Land, Gloria, is the only possession that does not perish!"

Gloria, with Rodney, Peter and Bruce assembled in the parlor

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which was no longer a sickroom. Bruce had found the key to the library. The legal envelope was opened. It contained two papers—one a will, one a verse of poetry.

By virtue of being the eldest son, Rodney read the terse, short will. Dated five years previously shortly after Gloria's departure, it was properly drawn, witnessed and attested. Everything of which Jonas died possessed, the two sections of land, the house, the implements, the stock, the gravel point, was left to Bruce Knight, who was made executor. As required by law the sum of one dollar was willed to each of the children. By virtue of her voluntary departure, Gloria had automatically forfeited her rights.

A hush like that of death fell over the cold, fireless room.

KODNEY laid down the will, picked up the sheet of poetry. His voice, composed at first, became husky ere he finished.

My Creed

No man can take my lands from me For they are mine—and I am free! Tis my delight to plow a field To plan and work for greater yield I turn my soil my seed to sow I water bring, to make it grow. I pray for sun and kindly rain, I reap and plow my fields again. Though wealth and love come hand in hand

I will not leave my promised land.
Though fame should prove my destiny
My lands are all the world to me—
'Tis not for riches, nor for pelf
Lands are my soul—they are myself!'

"I never knew he cared that much." muttered Rodney brokenly. "I wouldn't have sold the ground to Lott, if I'd known he cared so. But he never talked much. Well, it's all yours, Bruce. I hope you love it as much as my father did. It's true, you did stick by him, but Gloria could use a little, just the same."

"At the last moment, in the presence of Bruce and myself, Jonas expressed a desire—in fact he instructed Bruce to change the will and divide the property share and share alike beween his children and Bruce." Gloria spoke slowly, her gaze riveted upon Bruce.

"I don't want any. I don't deserve any," volunteered Rodney. "I never helped to accumulate any of it."

"It was the kindest thing ever happened to me, Bruce, when you took that money, and literally forced me to run away. I feel sure the girls and I will sell you our share cheaply. All we want is enough to finish our educations," added Peter.

"Just what share do you mean?" It was the first time Bruce had spoken since they came into the parlor. "I never said he changed his will—it is not written so here. It is her word against mine. Can she swear he told me. I can swear he did not. Her word against mine, and the will is written!"

PETER strode over to Bruce. He was much the taller of the two and the unrestrained, flaming anger of youth flooded his face as he looked menacingly down at the smaller man.

"You wouldn't keep rightful money from girls, would you? Little girls—your benefactor's children? Why, those twins are only kids yet. I don't need anything—you can have my share; but Nancy is just out of High School and the twins are still small, I tell you!"

"You've made a go of it for five years," replied Bruce, "I guess you can keep on that way. None of you cared enough to stay with him, if he was your father."

"Mother, you have a claim!" flashed Peter. "I've heard a lot about that in court. A wife's third."

Gloria sat on the piano stool, and shook her head. "For richer, for poorer-for better, for worse' the refrain ran through her head. She ran her fingers over the keys which years before she had so yearned to master. Before her brain swept a kaleidoscopic review of the trials of those years. Poverty, where it had seemed luxury should prevail-farm machinery, when the children were nearly barefoot-the cutting of wood, when the men sat idle; the carrying of water when her flesh was weak. The plowing of fields—the care of the injured Claire. Yet it was nothing. She, a wife, had run away. She asked nothing. She deserved nothing.

"I prefer to take only what Bruce wishes to give," came her answer. "I shall demand nothing. I ran away. Bruce, not one of his own, stayed."

This little dollar



went to Market

It shivered a bit when it started. It was a timid dollar, scared of crowds.

When it got to the market-place, it saw a lot of signs. "Coats reduced." "Shoes at a bargain." "Hats at new low prices."

"Do these signs really mean what they say?"
Dollar asked itself. "Because, if they do—"

Just then, another dollar came along looking like a dollar-and-a-half, all dressed up in new clothes and carrying a big basket of food.

"Oh, I say," cried the Timid Dollar, "how can you afford all these new things?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the Dressed-up Dollar merrily, "go into the market-place and see!"

"Do those signs really mean what they say?" asked the Timid Dollar.

"Yes, they do! And the values are wonderful!"

With that, the Timid Dollar ran to the market-place, and came back looking like a dollar-and-a-half, too. By the time the envious Stay-at-home Dollars got to market, the signs were down and the prices had gone up.



The dollar you *spend* now is worth \$1.50 The dollar you *save* now is worth 75c

Maybe that sounds ridiculous-but it's true today.

Compared with your 1929 dollar, your 1932 dollar will buy about \$1.50 worth of such things as staple foods, clothing, furniture, radios, household appliances and automobiles, at present prices.

But, if you keep your dollar, thinking it's the same dollar you had two years ago, you'll find that it's worth just about 75 cents.

By spending your 1932 dollar, you not only get the

things you need most at bargain prices, but you help provide a job for somebody who would otherwise have to depend upon charity.

If you help put this other somebody to work, he can buy the things you or your husband makes or sells, and that will help you to have more dollars.

Think about this when you are tempted to say, "No, I can't afford that now."

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION

"To use available income to purchase goods normally needed and in the replacement of which labor is employed, is a condition precedent to any hopeful program to constructively increase employment."

From the Recommendations of the Committee on Unemployment Plans and Suggestions, of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief.





PAINT PRODUCTS

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BENNETT GLASS & PAINT COMPANY

61-65 W. First So., Salt Lake City

Dealers throughout Utah, Southern Idaho and Neighboring States

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"Soon as I get those papers on record, I'll send each one of you a dollar," Bruce's tone carried a new, overbearing note of authority. Reckon I've earned all I get. I stayed."

"You stayed," repeated Rodney.
"You surely stayed." His eyes
swept the room, unchanged
through all the years, yet slowly
molding away. A round wet spot
on the ceiling became damper until a full drop of water fell to the
floor. Rain beat against the panes;
a deeper chill permeated the room.

OUT in the kitchen Claire was valiantly struggling to prepare a meal, but her wood was wet, and the stove, old and cracked, refused to bake. Her dress seemed a little grayer, her shoulders a little more stooped, her eye a little more sunken. It did not seem possible to Gloria that she was younger than her own twins. She looked like a little dwarf.

"Take me with you, Auntie Glory," she pleaded as the three prepared to leave. "Take me away. I want to go with you!"

Bruce put on his coat. It was his army coat, left from the Spanish War. He was driving them to the station

the station.
"Claire," he called his instructions with added authority as he

picked up the reins, "I saw a calf break into that lucern field. You get him up, lest he bloats."

Queen Victoria, active up until a week of her death, quietly ended a long, useful career. Aunt Catherine was inconsolable.

"Long she reigned over us In death victorious."

she paraphrased, giving her voice proper funereal dolefulness.

"Ah there was a queen! I know, because my mother was fifth lady in waiting to her, before she committed the foolish offense of marriage. Victoria, this city cream does not seem as rich as that Gloria used to serve on the farm!"

Somewhere in the East two brothers named Wright were spending all they owned and all they could borrow on a machine which they called "lighter than air." After several attempts, the things actually flew.

The Boers were fighting the English in South Africa. England sent over thousands of soldiers, young men, eager, light hearted, certain of victory. But an enemy stronger than the Boers rose against them. Invisible, insidious, fatal typhoid fever killed an appalling percentage of that fine young manhood, making their first yoyage from home.

(To be continued)

A The Surrender of Father Time

Continued from page 185

voice she said: "I have something to tell all of you. My husband just phoned, the first minute the lines were through. He's coming, soon as the road's through. They are working from the other side too, nearly have the cut through the slide, but he wants me to tell you that all your money is safe. He didn't steal it at all. He heard that the mine was closing, then three or four wanted all their money, got panicky, and it looked like there'd be a run on the bank, and Bleadsdale, the cashier down to Nilwood; so Ned just loaded the money in our car, locked the bank and rushed down the canyon to the big bank. Course he didn't expect the slide or the wires to be down. He says he knows now that he was crazy, but I think he was wonderful to save the bank."

A round of applause and cheers

threatened the very foundations of the hotel. It was a few moments before Sam could resume the distribution of gifts.

As he passed out the last parcel, little Louise Jensen touched his hand and looking into his face with brown eyes, wide with excitement said: "I like oo! Oo's nicer dan Santa Taus, oo dave us evy fing we wanted, didn't oo?"

Sam picked her up, tossed her into the air and settled her on his shoulder as he said in the most matter of fact tone: "You fellows better report at the mine Monday."

There were no whistles to blow but someone was ringing the church-bell. 1932 was greeted with an applause that echoed, and reechoed down the canyon, and scattered over the whole world.

Save for a Sunny Day the First Security Way



EXPECTING to get ahead financially while spending every cent you earn is as foolish as hoping to go places on a rocking horse. No matter how hard you work you find you are getting nowhere.

Swing into a sensible, progressive financial stride with a Savings Account at one of the following reliable banks:

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Idaho Boise, Pocatello, Nampa, Mountain Home, Gooding, Rupert, Jerome, Shoshone, Hailey, Blackfoot, Ashton, Payette, Montpeller, Preston, Emmett

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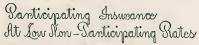


Life's race depends so much on getting off to a good start and is destined to a great extent by the advantage of proper associates and good environment.

Insurance can be had at such low cost, no family should dare risk the uncertainty of the future without life insurance protection.

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